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Annals of Windsor; being a History of the Castle and Town: with some Account of Eton and Places adjacent. By Robert Richard Tighe and James Edward Davis. 2 vols. (Longman & Co.)

WINDSOR is a grand subject! The historian, the poet, the artist, the statesman, the soldier, the courtier, the player,—from mantled king to gaping citizen,—there does not exist a man who is not interested in this old pile, its vicinity, and its traditions. From time immemorial it has been the favourite seat of sovereigns or the representatives of sovereignty. No doubt, the foremost man among the Bibroci had exclusive possession of the glorious height, where he could construct his own coign of vantage, and whence he could afford protection to friends or be prepared to defend himself against foes. In this neighbourhood, the Saxon princes planted their standards, pitched their tents, and, subsequently, from the summits of modest palatial residences, looked over the world of beauty spread at their feet. The Normans, too, appreciated the locality, its grandeur, and its "advantages"; and although *Old Windsor* seems to have been, for a long period, especially patronized by princes, the height, at this day so imperially crowned, must have been considered by them as the fitting cradle of royal heirs, the seemingly chair of kingly state, the arena well adapted for royal shows, a fortress whence securely to oppress or offer defence against fierce assailants,—in short, a spot whereon to be born, to glitter, and to die: cradle, throne, and grave: and the throne often the least enviable of the three possessions, albeit the one most coveted, because least shared with men.

They who have visited Versailles will, probably, not fail to remember that the little red brick hunting-box, which used to receive the weary kings of France, is the well-preserved nucleus of the mass of grandeur and glittering incongruities which have been clustered about it. We have preserved rather the memories of ancient buildings at Windsor, than the buildings themselves, or vestiges of them; and between William of Wykeham and "Sir Wyattville," there is, happily too, little or nothing left of what was anciently called "The Castle," and which consisted, as Lord Campbell compendiously describes it, "of a few irregular buildings, with pepper-boxes at the corners of them."

The authors of these 'Annals of Windsor' are somewhat uncertain as to the period when the kings of England changed their manor-house at *Old* for a palace residence at *New Windsor*. What they do communicate on the subject is rather likely to confuse than enlighten their readers, as for example:—"It has been generally supposed that when Windsor is mentioned as the place where William the First and Second occasionally held their courts and festivals, *Old Windsor*, and not the present Castle, is intended, as Henry the First held his court in the Castle, for the first time, in 1110." A foot-note directs us to five pages further on, where the authors do not support the above assertion, but inform us that "the first festival kept by Henry the First at Windsor, was Christmas, 1104-5. He held his court at Windsor again at Easter, 1107; and the same year commenced rebuilding and enlarging the Castle." And then we have another foot-note from Stow, which says nothing of rebuilding, but which tells us that "In 1107, King Henry

began to build the new Castle, with the chapel and town of Windsor, on the hill, one mile from the old town of Windsor." Of the edifice raised by Henry, the authors say:—

"The keep alone survives, at least in its form and position, though it is probable that in these characteristics only is there any trace of the original structure. A few architectural fragments, in the Norman style, brought to light from the excavations during the progress of the improvements in the reign of George the Fourth, are perhaps the only relics of the palatial edifice of the twelfth century."

In this old palace, its royal masters did not find life so full of delights as some desired or as others deserved. They had remarkably disagreeable neighbours in some very sovereignly-disposed churchmen; and one king, at least, Henry the Second, had worse than these in ungrateful children, of whose rebellious conduct the royal and sorrowing father is said to have left a memorial in the significant adornments of his chamber.—

"It is recorded, that in a chamber at Wyndesore, he caused to be painted an eagle, with four birds, whereof three of them all raised (scratched) the body of the old eagle, and the fourth was scratching at the old eagle's eyes. When the question was asked of him, what thing that picture should signify? it was answered by him, 'This old eagle,' said he, 'is myself; and these four eagles betoken my four sons, the which cease not to pursue my death, and especially my youngest son John, which now I love most, shall most especially await and imagine my death.'"

There were other sovereigns who had their troubles, but they had "compensation" for them also; and we even find King John with leisure, not only for pleasant tipping, but for profitable reading. A mandate to Reginald de Cornhill,—whose name sounds as odd as that of a knight of John's brother, Cœur de Lion, namely, Sir Stephen de Turnham,—requires him, under date of April the 29th, 1205, to send "two small casks of good wine to Windsor, and also to send the King immediately the 'Romance of the History of England.'" Eight years later, the same Reginald, who appears to have been "purveyor to His Majesty and the Royal Family," has to execute a glorious Christmas order—a Gargantuan order, so to speak—of capons, and swine, and saffron, and white bread, and almonds, and spices, and thousands of herrings, and twenty tuns of good wine for the household, "and four tuns of best wine for the king's own use," as became his greatness. The gentleman "de Cornhill" is particularly ordered to see that these things reach the Castle "before the day of the Nativity."

His Grace had no idea of his Christmas being spoiled; and to make sure of his annual jollity, some portions of the means thereto are ordered to be at Windsor "the Sunday before Christmas-day." That the carouse was something gigantic in its way, we can hardly doubt. Wine was cheap: Roger of Hoveden remarks that "the land was filled with drink and drinkers;" but at the Castle, at least, the feasting and tipping were not of an uncivilized character. If the king and his guests ate roast pork, and provoked thirst by partaking of salted eels, they sat at tables covered with fine cloth of Rheim, and wiped their bearded mouths with *table-napkins* made out of "a thousand yards of wove cloth." There was plenty with comfort; and the royal gaiety was not at all disturbed by thoughts of Maud de Braose and her son, those unhappy prisoners who suffered for a dispute between the king and Maud's husband; and who, in a cruel captivity, within a royal castle, suffered a most cruel death by starvation.

The people of the town which grew up near the Castle were for a long time troubled with two grievances:—their parliamentary representatives and thieves. The burgesses were compelled to pay the expenses incurred by their members for going to, attending, and returning from parliament. They were only too happy when the bailiff omitted to reply to the writs issued for new elections. The members themselves, however, were narrowly looked after by the authorities; they were obliged to find manucaptors or sureties, who were answerable for their appearance in Parliament; and if they neglected to procure such sureties, the Government, with infinite contempt for privilege, distrained rigorously on the honourable gentlemen's goods and chattels! As for the thieves, or rather the county gaol which was then at Windsor, it is curious to meet with a petition from the inhabitants to King Edward the Second, 1314-15, intimating that "Wyndesore" is such an out-of-the-way place, and moreover "too small for providing victuals, by reason of which the inhabitants of the county avoid coming, except persons engaged to deliver the thieves, inasmuch that the thieves derive great joy and encouragement in their evil doing. . . . Another point is," adds this curious petition, that "the commonalty of the town of Windsor is so weak that the gaol cannot be sustained by the alms of the town, whereby the prisoners die immediately, as well the innocent as the guilty; and those who have goods die before judgment is given, so that the King loses the goods and chattels of the felon." Edward refused to consent to the removal of the gaol to Wallingford or Reading; and accordingly the old plan was kept up, whereby the town supported the prisoners (such at least as were not previously starved) till they were convicted, and then his Grace's Highness stepped in and took possession of the property of the convict!

Down to the middle of the fourteenth century the Castle occupied the site of the present middle and lower wards, there being little or no building east of the Round Tower. Then England had a king and an architect expressly suited for each other, and Edward the Third with William of Wykeham wrought a magnificent change on the spot, by enlargements and reconstructions, which made of Windsor the noblest residence in which English King ever had hearth and home. It had already become famous as the prison-house of some, as well as the palace of other, sovereigns; and even the old Castle had been the glorious but rather restricted stage on which the pageantry of the Garter was displayed. It is even said that these improvements were effected in consequence of suggestions made by the captive monarchs of France and Scotland. And after this wise was the labour-market put under compulsion in order to accomplish the great end:—

"In 1360, writs bearing date the 14th of April, were issued to the sheriffs of London and twelve counties, commanding them to impress the best diggers and hewers of stone, to the number of three hundred and sixty in all, and to send them to Windsor by the Sunday next after the Feast of St. George, at the furthest, there to be employed at the king's wages so long as was necessary. The sheriffs were also commanded to take sufficient security from the workmen not to depart from Windsor without the licence of William de Wykeham, who was directed to return such securities into the Court of Chancery. The necessity for impressing workmen seems to have been the result of the parliamentary legislation of this reign. In consequence of the ravages committed by the plague, labourers had become comparatively scarce, and, as a necessary result, wages increased. By an act of parliament, known as the Statute of

Labourers, passed in 1349, an attempt was made to force a reduction, by setting a price upon labour of various descriptions, and also upon poultry. A master carpenter was limited to threepence a day, and a common carpenter to twopence. * * In consequence of many of the workmen, who were impressed as above mentioned, having secretly left Windsor, in order to work for other persons at higher wages, and the works at the castle being consequently retarded, writs were directed in 1362 to the sheriffs of London, commanding them to make proclamation prohibiting any person, whether clerk or layman, from employing or retaining any of the men, on pain of forfeiting all their goods; and also commanding the sheriffs to arrest such as had so run away, and commit them to Newgate. * * The plague, which had committed the most fearful ravages throughout England in 1348, carrying off one-third of the people, appears to have visited Windsor at this period; and in consequence of a great number of the workmen at the castle dying of it, other writs were issued, 30th of March, 1362, to the sheriffs of the counties of York, Derby, Salop, Hereford, Nottingham, Lancaster, and Devon, commanding them, under a penalty of two hundred pounds each, to send to Windsor able and skilful masons and diggers, to the number in all of three hundred and two, to be there on Sunday, the Utas of Easter, at latest."

Here is another trait in connexion with this subject:—

"The accounts of Adam de Hertynndon furnish some curious proofs of the difficulties which must have attended extensive building works in the fourteenth century. As in earlier times, all the metal work was executed on the spot, and forges and furnaces were built for the smiths and plumbers. These forges and furnaces required fuel, and it had already been discovered that coal was a more efficient material than wood. Owing, however, to the prejudice of the Londoners against that mineral product (on account of its effects on the external appearance of their habitations), no supply of it could be procured in the metropolis, and the king's master of the works was compelled to buy a cargo of it at the pit mouth in the county of Durham. The narrative of the voyage of a ship chartered to carry coals for the works at Windsor in 1367, affords a striking contrast to the present state of the trade, when thousands of vessels and many lines of inland railway are daily engaged in bringing this important necessary of life to the capital. According to the custom of the time, the king sent his writ to the sheriff of Northumberland, ordering him to buy seven hundred and twenty-six chaldron of coals, and send them to London. The sheriff purchased them by the 'greater hundred' at Winton, in the county of Durham, at 17d. the chaldron. From Winton, they were conveyed in 'keles' to Newcastle-on-Tyne, and there shipped. The freight to the south was at the rate of 3s. 6d. a chaldron. On their voyage to London the colliers met with a 'mighty tempest at sea' and through that, and by reason of the excess of measure over that of Newcastle, a loss of eighty-six chaldron and one quarter was incurred, the greater part having been thrown overboard during the tempest. Arrived at London, the coals were put on board 'shutes,' or barges, and taken to Windsor at a cost of 1s. a chaldron. The total expense of bringing this insignificant quantity of fuel to London, including its cost price, was 165l. 5s. 2d., to which must be added the barge hire to Windsor."

It is common enough for this locality to be looked upon solely in connexion with the pomps and vanities, the uses and abuses, the virtues, crimes, triumphs, and disasters of royalty. There was a season, however, when the Castle was in possession of the "sovereign people," in the person of that majestic society's very sovereign master. It is undoubted, and in some respects singular, that the town of Windsor declared, at an early period, in favour of the Parliament, and no sooner was the King in his grave than Cromwell gave offence to Whitelock, Lieutenant of the Castle and Forest (and subsequently Constable), under the Earl

of Pembroke, by presuming to make divisions of land within the Lieutenant's jurisdiction, without any regard to the said Lieutenant's authority. Whitelock occasionally went out to hunt, in the old royal fashion, with a cavalcade of gallants; and the ringers rang in honour of their "coming to town," as heartily as they had done for that of more princely patrons. There were some prisoners of distinction kept here during the whole period of the Protectorate; and we may easily account for Evelyn's recording, on occasion of a passing visit here, that the place looked to him as melancholy as it was magnificent. There was considerable activity about the old locality, nevertheless. The authorities cut down timber, to the value of 3,000l., "upon the grounds and woods of the Duke of Bucks, in the county of Bucks," and appropriated half of the sum to repairing the Castle. The roads and bridges were looked to, and one poor shilling was expended in a significant service, "For taking downe the King's armes." With King and King's arms went down also the fine organ, which was an abomination to the more advanced of the spiritual gentlemen in those days. Let us do them the justice to add that, if they were disgusted with blasts from the organ, they seem to have had equal distaste for curses from human lips, and they not only repressed profane swearers, but distributed alms to the poor "out of the money for swearing." It is observable also that when "my Lord Whitlocke" was absent, he was not forgotten by the resident authorities. Here is a trace of a "compliment" paid to him, and what it cost the corporation.—

"^pd for too Barrells of Ale sent to the Lord Whitlock 30s. and for Excise 4s. carryage to Lond. and from thence to Chelsy in a wherry wth porters to cary it to ye house 7s. and for the caske 7s. the whole charge is ... 02 08 00

"^pd for too sugar loves sent at the same tyme to ye Lo: Whitlock ... 00 12 06"

Like generous souls, they spent more on others than they did on themselves. We should like to see a mayor and court-leet dining at such small cost as is marked below. They would expend more in rose-water now than was then paid for the meat and the sack.—

"Layd out for a dinner for the Maior and company at a leete for a peece of Beeffe a legg of Mutton a neck of veale and a q^r of Sack ... 00 08 6"

At this period wheat was within half-a-crown of 60s. a quarter, and malt was a trifle over a guinea and a half! These were high prices, considering the relative value of money, but salaries do not seem to have been proportionably heavy. Whitelock, for instance, as "Constable and Keeper," received only "32l. 5s. per annum, payable half yearly, during his natural life." Fancy the present illustrious constable drawing his 16l. 2s. 6d. every six months! Economy seems to have been observed in most circumstances of the time. Thus, when Cromwell was proclaimed "Lord Protector," in 1657, the expense of proclamation, ringers, and bonfires was not much over 2l., and his visit to Windsor that year was not a costly one to the Corporation, in whose accounts we find, "Paid for expenses when ye Lord Protector was at Windsor, 01 01 09!"

Whitelock does not seem to have been altogether satisfied with his ill-requited office, although it brought with it such complimentary presents as ale and "suger loves" from those in subjection to him. The following interesting entry is quoted from Whitelock's 'Memorials':—"The Provost of Eton College Mr. Rouse being dead, I had some thoughts, and was advised by some Friends to endeavour to have the Place of Provost, a thing of good value, quiet and honour-

able, and fit for a scholar, and I was not wholly incapable of it; I therefore made applications to his Highness, concerning it, but found him engaged, or at least seeming to be so for another; my service was past, and therefore no necessity of a recompense, but this was reserved as a Bait for some others to be employed by his Highness."

Not less interesting are certain scattered entries in the Corporation accounts, which show that if there were long sermons in those days, the preacher was well-primed for his work, or well refreshed after it. For example, under various years of the Commonwealth period, we meet with the following hospitable indications: "^pd for wyne for severall ministers that preached in the parish church the last yeare ... 00 04 08

"^pd more since this account was cast up for i quart of Sack that was fetcht att Mr. Maiors for two ministers that preached w^{ch} was forgotten to be accounted... .. 00 01 04

"^pd for one pinte of Sack given to a marchant of Brisstall wch preached in the p^rish church by William Myelles Mare his appointment ... 00 00 08

"Given to Mr. Lupton for preaching 2 sermons ... x.s.

"paid for two pints of Sacke for him ... j.s. vjd.

"paid for a pinte of sacke when Mr. Harris his brother preached ... 0 x.d.

"paid for a pinte of sack when Mr. Johnson preached ... 0 x.d.

"Paid for a pinte of sack when Mr. Brothers preached ... 0 x.d.

"paid for a pinte of sacke when Mr. Voyce preached ... 0 x.d.

"paid for a pinte of sacke when Mr. Voyce preached ... j.s. 0

"Paid for a pinte of sacke when Mr. Barnett preached ... j.s. 0

"^pd for 9 pinte of wyne for severall ministers that preached ... ix.s.

Occasionally, we meet with a sixpence spent upon the purchase of a "new howre glasse," and we find, of course, that it was only the preachers who supported the powers that be who were refreshed with tenpenny or shilling pints of sack. Opponents in the pulpit were thus dealt with.—

"On the 30th of January, 1653-4, 'Mr. Feak and Mr. Symson' were sent prisoners to Windsor Castle, having been examined before the council on the 28th, 'for preaching against the Lord Protector and his government.'"

Of all the local institutions there were none so troublesome or so troubled as the "Poor Knights." They were often themselves rollicking old fellows who drank hard, and sang *gaillard* songs, and slept in church, and were rather indiscriminate in their uproarious gallantry to the maids and wives of Windsor; but, on the other hand, they were mercilessly despoiled by their clerical trustees, who, sometimes, were more reprobate than their flock, whom they often treated shabbily, and even feloniously. One instance we may cite in the case of the Corporation of Yarmouth, who yearly sent a last of herrings (10,000), well dried and cleansed, to the body of Poor Knights. All that the Corporation asked in return were the Knights' prayers. It was little enough, and the Knights, doubtless, added benedictions when they had a couple of fine bloaters at breakfast, after a "last night's" supper. We say *when* they had, for they could not always obtain the luxury. The Canons had as faint morning stomachs as the Knights, and amongst the charges exhibited against them by the latter, as late as the reign of Henry the Seventh, was that "the said chanons embessill and withdrawe yearly a last of heryng." The ungenerous fellows were not content with taking a few, but stole the whole ten thousand. The Knights, at a subsequent period, found a good friend in Cromwell.—

"It is but justice to the usual policy of Cromwell, says Mr. Poynter, to believe that he prevented further waste and spoliation of the chapel at Windsor and elsewhere, from the time he possessed the power. He occasionally resided at Windsor. He certainly kept together the endowments of the College, and the landed estates were greatly improved in value during his administration. He instituted a regular establishment for the service of the chapel, and attached it to the foundation of the Poor Knights, which he maintained, and issued an ordinance of twelve articles for its regulation."

We cannot devote further space to the fifteen hundred pages, or near upon it, of which these Annals consist. They may be consulted with good result by any one anxious to discover any circumstance, important or trivial, concerning Windsor, which has ever been recorded. Such records, the compilers have collected and arranged in two volumes, which, like a dictionary, may be said to be exceedingly useful, but not in the smallest degree entertaining. Books on similar subjects are often, without being useful, quite as little entertaining as this before us. But Windsor, as we said at starting, is a grand subject, capable of furnishing even fifteen hundred pages of amusement as well as instruction. From the days of the royal Saxon manor-house at Old Windsor to these, when Imperial France banquetted in St. George's Hall with Royal England, and carried away the Garter in memory of the visit, the compilers have told of the coming and going of sovereigns and their visitors, registered great events, noticed old traditions, and copied entries of drainage expenses and leasing of tenements. There has been throughout more industry than taste, a continual over-valuing of much material, and a heavy, respectable, business-like, and unattractive style, even when recording matters of great interest. We repeat, that, as a book of reference, this book will be found valuable. It is altogether for the local inquirer, not for the general reader. It might have been admirably adapted to the requirements of both classes. The subject admitted of this, from the endless variety and contrasts possessed by it,—sunshine, shade, gloom, splendour, Kings rushing forth with thunderbolts of war, others reluctantly stepping over the Castle threshold as captives, or being unconsciously borne to the tomb so near to the throne from which they once ruled. As with Kings and incidents, so with Queens and circumstances of their lives, the contrasts might have been depicted most strikingly by more artistic and less matter-of-fact men than the compilers of these volumes. What a series of illustrative pictures might be drawn, ranging from the days when monarchs joyously dined out in the forest, to those of William the Fourth, who always went to sleep at table after dinner, while his guests silently passed the wine and solemnly nodded to their sleeping lord! What pleasant little *pièces de genre* might have been painted of the social life of Queens here, from the time when sovereign ladies depended on the minstrel and story-teller for amusement, down to the period when plain little Queen Charlotte, coquettishly displaying the fair arms of which she was so proud, used, with her ladies, to trip over Datchet Mead, and take tea with the eccentric Lord James Murray! Had the compilers, in short, carried the grace and the graphic power of the pictorial embellishments of their volumes into their letter-press, they would have left their critics without opportunity for making reserves when according praise, and of noting that a very useful book may be one of uncommonly difficult reading.

A Lady's Diary of the Siege of Lucknow. Written for the Perusal of Friends at Home. (Murray.)

HERE is the story of Lucknow, told without a touch of art or effort. It is strictly and simply a diary, and the shadow of death is on almost every page. The lady who writes enters morning and evening in her journal the incidents of the last few hours, and in her broken narrative, blotted with tears, the tragedy stands forth more terrible, the heroism more majestic, than in any military chronicle, emblazoned like a banner with those epic epigrams that tell of victory. This is a book written by one who nursed the dying, who shrouded the dead, who sat among the Hecubas of that Indian Troy, while round shot splintered their walls, while blood dripped from the verandah into the room, while women were begging that their husbands should be inclosed in coffins instead of being wrapped in their bedding for the grave, and while all the circumstances of horror that accompanied the siege were witnessed, without the heat and flush, the cordial and fierce enchantment of battle. To the writer of the journal Lucknow itself was a scene almost as new as the mutiny: she had arrived there with her husband only a few weeks before the outbreak; and it was her habit to keep a diary whatever might be the influences surrounding her. Sometimes with a child in her arms or asleep in her lap, often with the enemy at the walls and the hurricane eclipse of an assault at the gates, she continued this tale of Lucknow; and although few of its passages are characterized by any intrinsic novelty, the whole narrative is rendered fresh and warm by unaffected womanly sentiment, by the rapid alternations of the writer's feelings, by the fact, indeed, that the author is a lady, and not a Captain or a Civilian Volunteer. Her first letter is dated May 15, from La Martinière, since cruelly mutilated by Sir Colin Campbell's guns, and is an expression elicited by intelligence of the massacre at Delhi. Here we have an unobdured utterance of the agony caused in India by that fearful disaster, for among the victims were the diarist's friends, and her regrets are sadly simple. So also is the enumeration of her alarm:—

"No one knows what has happened, which makes us all the more anxious and nervous. Every time we hear the slightest noise—loud voices, a horse galloping by, a gun fired, or any calls to see C., and they speak in an under-tone—one's heart is in one's mouth."

Still, in the intervals, the lady ascends to the roof of a lofty building to appreciate the scenery around Lucknow, or enters into family merriment to play with a child, "the image of Murillo's St. John the Baptist in the National Gallery." All this is very tender and natural, and it would evince a mere crudity or exhaustion of the sympathies to smile at the writer's regrets for her dog, "poor Bustle," who "suffered so dreadfully in the hot weather," who had "shared all the joys, sorrows, travels, perils, and adventures of the past three years," and who narrowly escaped being hanged by a stern order of the commander of the garrison! "As it would fret poor Bustle's heart to be tied up, we have sent him down to the Martinière to be with the horses." In the midst of this half-melancholy, half-lightsome prattle, comes the roar of cannon, with slaughter and alarm, and the words burn on the paper, "Oh, mother! mother! how dreadful it is! We have just heard there is a rising in the city. God help us!" This storm passing, the diarist notes the incidents in the interior of the residency.—

"Such an awful thing happened here yesterday! Because there are not murders enough done by the heathen, two Christian Englishmen quarrelled,

and, in the heat of passion, one of them seized a pistol and shot the other through the body. James buried the murdered man this morning. He was the riding-master of the 7th Cavalry; so respectable a man that he was to have had a commission given him. His murderer, the Sergeant-Major of the same regiment, also bore the highest character, and was liked and respected by every one who knew him, and the two were bosom friends. It seems the quarrel began with the wives disputing about the drawing up of a curtain; this trivial matter led to words between the two husbands, and in an instant the dreadful deed was done. The poor women are perfectly distracted. The poor wretch who killed his friend is a Roman Catholic. James was going to see him this evening, but found the Roman Catholic priest with him. He was told that the poor fellow had lain all day hiding his face, and would not speak a word."

The unhappy man was ultimately released, and went to the batteries, where he died, after fighting most gallantly. Then came the shot that struck Sir Henry Lawrence.—

"I was up stairs all day, nursing Sir Henry, who still lingers in extreme suffering; his screams are so terrible, I think the sound will never leave my ears; when not under the influence of chloroform, he is quite conscious, and J. has been reading to him all day psalms and prayers as he was able to bear them. He several times repeated them after him in quite a strong voice. Once we thought he was going, but he rallied, and has taken an immense quantity of arrowroot and champagne during the day. Once when I was feeding him he looked at me so hard, as if he was trying to remember who I was."

This is very mournful; but the record of every day is tragic. The diarist describes how the ladies lived during the siege.—

"We all sleep (that is, eleven ladies and seven children) on the floor of the Tye Khana, where we spread mattresses and fit into each other like bits in a puzzle, so as best to feel the punkah. The gentlemen sleep upstairs in a long verandah sort of room on the side of the house least exposed to fire. My bed consists of a purdah and a pillow. In the morning we all roll up our bedding, and pile them in heaps against the wall. We have only room for very few chairs down there, which are assigned to invalids, and most of us take our meals seated on the floor, with our plates on our knees. We are always obliged to light a candle for breakfast and dinner, as the room is perfectly dark. Our usual fare consists of stew, as being easiest to cook: it is brought up in a large dekker, so as not to dirty a dish, and a portion ladled out to each person."

The enemy sometimes fired through this apartment; but, outside, every day brought its death or its frightful wound. It is remarked as a memorable circumstance, "No casualties to-day, and only one funeral." Perhaps, however, the human interest of the lady's story is nowhere so keen as in the following sketch.—

"Dear little Herbert D. died at half-past three this morning. Yesterday he seemed so much better that Mrs. D. was quite happy about him; but fever came on in the night, and we were alarmed at the way he gasped for breath. Mrs. Boileau happened to wake and heard him first. Directly she looked at him she saw he was dying, and woke his mother and me. I called up Dr. Partridge, who ordered a warm bath; and we sent the 'dye' down to prepare some water, but before she came up with it, the little spirit had fled. One could not grieve; he looked so sweet and happy; the painful look of suffering quite gone, and a lovely smile on his dear little baby face. We closed his pretty blue eyes, and crossed his little hands over his breast, and there he lay by his mother's side till daylight; then she washed the little body herself, and put him on a white nightgown, and I tied a lace handkerchief round his face, as she had no caps. Charlie D. came over to see her, and we left her quiet with him and the dead baby till eleven, when I was obliged to go in and ask her to part with it. She let me take it away, and I sewed the little sweet one up myself in a clean

white cloth, and James carried it over to the hospital to wait there for the evening burials.

Anywhere else it would be profanity to enter into these mysteries of family sorrow, but every throb of the English heart at Lucknow belongs to history. Yet it is a relief when a tint of gladness strikes upon the book of shadow.—

"Yesterday evening, on the eighty-eighth day of the siege, our long-looked for and so often despaired-of 'relief' arrived. Never shall I forget the moment to the latest day I live, it was most overpowering. We had no idea they were so near, and were breathing air in the portico as usual at that hour, speculating when they might be in, not expecting they could reach us for several days longer, when suddenly, just at dark, we heard a very sharp fire of musketry quite close by, and then a tremendous cheering; an instant after, the sound of bagpipes, then soldiers running up the road, our compound and verandah filled with our deliverers, and all of us shaking hands frantically, and exchanging fervent 'God bless you's' with the gallant men and officers of the 78th Highlanders. Sir James Outram and staff were the next to come in, and the state of joyful confusion and excitement is beyond all description. The big, rough-bearded soldiers were seizing the little children out of our arms, kissing them with tears rolling down their cheeks, and thanking God they had come in time to save them from the fate of those at Cawnpore. We were all rushing about to give the poor fellows drinks of water, for they were perfectly exhausted; and tea was made down in the Tye Khana, of which a large party of tired thirsty officers partook, without milk or sugar, and we had nothing to give them to eat. Every one's tongue seemed going at once with so much to ask and to tell, and the faces of utter strangers beamed upon each other like those of dearest friends and brothers."

Shortly afterwards a singular incident startled the garrison and the people.—

"Three prisoners were brought in, and undergoing a summary trial by drum-head court-martial, when a round-shot struck and killed the trio."

The second crisis arrives on the 12th of November.—

"November 12, Thursday.—There was a good deal of firing. A telegraphic communication has been established with the Alumbagh by means of semaphores, and conversations have been going on continually all day. We have ascertained that Sir Colin C. arrived this morning, and intends advancing with the force on Saturday; that Mr. Kavanagh reached Alumbagh in safety; and that the enemy were so bold as to make an attack there this morning, and were repulsed, with the capture of two guns. Our meat out of the kitchen was stolen while we were at breakfast to-day, so we had none for dinner; but fared very well on an extra quantity of rice and peas, flavoured with a tin of salmon and a *bonne bouche* afterwards in the shape of a bottle of honey presented by Capt. Weston. Mr. Gubbins wrote to ask James for a description of the Highlanders rushing in here on the 26th September. I believe he is writing a book, and an account of the gallant fellows' emotions at the sight of the ladies and children will form an interesting page of his volume, for it was indeed a most striking and affecting scene. They telegraphed from the Alumbagh just now that the force would advance to-morrow 'without fail.' On to-morrow's success, therefore, hangs our fate! After the most merciful—miraculous way we have hitherto been preserved, it would be wicked to doubt for a moment that our relief will be accomplished; and yet one cannot think of the crisis, now it is so near, without trembling; and it is awful to remember, too, how many precious lives must be sacrificed in order to insure our safety."

Sorrows follow the lady after the Residency has been relieved.—

"Poor dear Bustle was lost on the road, and I sadly fear we shall never see him again; it is heart-breaking after saving his life all through the siege."

And yet, next day,—

"Bustle made his appearance this morning; we were so glad to see the dear old dog again!"

Not elaborate, not graphic, not even full or consecutive, this narration leaves a vivid impression upon the mind, and opens full to the eye the wonder-working heroism and patience of the garrison that defended Lucknow.

The Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley. By Thomas Jefferson Hogg. Vols. I. and II.

(Second Notice.)

AMONG the passages which we shall extract from Mr. Hogg's second volume, some shall exhibit Shelley in communication or in contrast with other authors of his time. The following speaks for itself, though—as may be seen by the words which we have marked—the data only amount to hearsay evidence:—

"How Bysshe made the acquaintance of Southey, whether by personal or epistolary introduction, or through poetic sympathy, I never knew. Concerning the intercourse of these two remarkable persons, I have heard from Shelley, and from others, several anecdotes. 'Southey had a large collection of books, very many of them old books, some rare works,—books in many languages, more particularly in Spanish. The shelves extended over the walls of every room in his large, dismal house in Keswick; they were in the bed-rooms, and even down the stairs. This I never saw elsewhere. I took out some volume one day, as I was going down stairs with him. Southey looked at me, as if he was displeased, so I put it back again instantly, and I never ventured to take down one of his books another time. I used to glance my eye eagerly over the backs of the books, and read their titles, as I went up or down stairs. I could not help doing so, but I think he did not quite approve of it.' * * * Southey was addicted to reading his terrible epics—before they were printed—to any one who seemed to be a fit subject for the cruel experiment. He soon set his eyes on the new comer, and one day having effected the caption of Shelley, he immediately lodged him securely in a little study upstairs, carefully locking the door upon himself and his prisoner and putting the key in his waistcoat-pocket. There was a window in the room, it is true, but it was so high above the ground that Baron Trenck himself would not have attempted it. 'Now you shall be delighted,' Southey said; 'but sit down.'—Poor Bysshe sighed, and took his seat at the table. The author seated himself opposite, and placing his MS. on the table before him, began to read slowly and distinctly. The poem, if I mistake not, was 'The Curse of Kehama.' Charmed with his own composition the admiring author read on, varying his voice occasionally, to point out the finer passages and invite applause. There was no commendation; no criticism; all was hushed. This was strange. Southey raised his eyes from the neatly-written MS.; Shelley had disappeared. This was still more strange. Escape was impossible; every precaution had been taken, yet he had vanished. Shelley had glided noiselessly from his chair to the floor, and the insensible young Vandal lay buried in profound sleep underneath the table. No wonder the indignant and injured bard afterwards inrolled the sleeper as a member of the Satanic school, and inscribed his name, together with that of Byron, on a gibbet! I have been told on his own authority, that wherever Southey passed the night in travelling, he bought some book, if it were possible to pick one up on a stall, or in a shop, and wrote his own name and the name of the place at the bottom of the title-page, and the date, including the day of the week. This inscription, he found, served in some measure the purpose of a journal, for when he looked at such a date it reminded him, through the association of ideas, of many particulars of his journey. I have a small volume in the German language, thus inscribed by Southey, at the foot of the title-page; the place is some town in France. Bysshe chanced to call, one afternoon, during his residence at Keswick, on his new acquaintance, a man eminent, and of rare epic fertility. It was at four o'clock; Southey and his wife were sitting together at their tea after an early

dinner, for it was washing-day. A cup of tea was offered, which was accepted, and a plate piled high with tea-cakes was handed to the illustrious visitor; of these he refused to partake, with signs of strong aversion. He was always abstemious in his diet, at this period of his life peculiarly so; a thick hunch of dry bread, possibly a slice of brown bread and butter, might have been welcome to the Spartan youth; but hot tea-cakes heaped up, in scandalous profusion, well buttered, blushing with currants or sprinkled thickly with caraway-seeds, and reeking with allspice, shocked him grievously. It was a Persian apparatus, which he detested,—a display of excessive and unmanly luxury by which the most powerful empires have been overthrown,—that threatened destruction to all social order, and would have rendered abortive even the divine Plato's scheme of a frugal and perfect republic. A poet's dinner is never a very heavy meal; on a washing-day, we may readily believe, that it is as light as his own fancy. So far in the day Southey, no doubt, had fared sparingly; he was a hale, healthy, hearty man, breathing the keen mountain air, and working hard, too hard, poor fellow; he was hungry, and did not shrink from the tea-cakes which had been furnished to make up for his scanty mid-day repast. Shelley watched his unworthy proceedings, eyeing him with pain and pity. Southey had not noticed his distress, but he held his way, clearing the plates of buttered currant-cakes, and buttered seed-cakes, with an equal relish. 'Why! good God, Southey!' Bysshe suddenly exclaimed, for he could no longer contain his boiling indignation, 'I am ashamed of you! It is awful, horrible, to see such a man as you are greedily devouring this nasty stuff!'—'Nasty stuff, indeed! How dare you call my tea-cakes nasty stuff, sir!'—Mrs. Southey was charming, but it is credibly reported that she was also rather sharp.—'Nasty stuff! What right have you, pray, Mr. Shelley, to come into my house, and to tell me to my face that my tea-cakes, which I made myself, are nasty; and to blame my husband for eating them? How in the world can they be nasty? I washed my hands well before I made them, and I sprinkled them with flour. The board and the rolling-pin were quite clean; they had been well scraped and sprinkled with flour. The flour was taken out of the meal-tub, which is always kept locked; here is the key! There was nothing nasty in the ingredients, I am sure; we have a very good grocer in Keswick. Do you suppose, that I would put anything nasty into them? What right have you to call them nasty? you ought to be ashamed of yourself, and not Mr. Southey; he surely has a right to eat what his wife puts before him! Nasty stuff! I like your impertinence!'—In the course of this animated invective, Bysshe put his face close to the plate, and curiously scanned the cakes. He then took up a piece and ventured to taste it, and finding it very good, he began to eat as greedily as Southey himself. The servant, a neat, stout, little, ruddy Cumberland girl, with a very white apron, brought in a fresh supply, these also the brother philosophers soon despatched, eating one against the other in generous rivalry. Shelley then asked for more, but no more were to be had; the whole batch had been consumed. The lovely Edith was pacified on seeing that her cakes were relished by the two hungry poets, and she expressed her regret that she did not know that Mr. Shelley was coming to take tea with her, or she would have made a larger provision. Harriet, who told me the tale, added: 'We were to have hot tea-cakes every evening "for ever." I was to make them myself, and Mrs. Southey was to teach me.'

Here is a strange incident, narrated by the first Mrs. Shelley, which, whether it be real or imaginary (Mr. Hogg apparently concludes the latter), at once illustrates the dreary discomfort of the wandering poet's married life, and rescues the writer of the tale from the charge so unjustly brought against her, of being an unworthy mate to the poet, in point of romance and of culture. There is many a page in the second Mrs. Shelley's 'Valperga' and 'Lodore' weaker, as a piece of writing, than the following letter:—

"35, Cuff Street, Stephen's Green, Dublin,
March 12, 1813.

"My dear Sir,—We arrived here last Tuesday, after a most tedious passage of forty hours, during the whole of which time we were dreadfully ill. I'm afraid no diet will prevent us from the common lot of suffering when obliged to take a sea voyage. Mr. Shelley promised you a recital of the horrible events that caused us to leave Wales. I have undertaken the task, as I wish to spare him, in the present nervous state of his health, everything that can recall to his mind the horrors of that night, which I will relate:—On the night of the 26th February, we retired to bed between ten and eleven o'clock. We had been in bed about half-an-hour, when Mr. S. heard a noise proceeding from one of the parlours. He immediately went down stairs with two pistols which he had loaded that night, expecting to have occasion for them. He went into the billiard-room, when he heard foot-steps retreating; he followed into another little room, which was called an office. He there saw a man in the act of quitting the room through a glass window which opened into the shrubbery; the man fired at Mr. S., which he avoided. Bysse then fired; but it flashed in the pan. The man then knocked Bysse down, and they struggled on the ground. Bysse then fired his second pistol, which he thought wounded him in the shoulder, as he uttered a shriek and got up, when he said these words: 'By God, I will be revenged. I will murder your wife, and will ravish your sister! By God, I will be revenged!' He then fled, as we hoped, for the night. Our servants were not gone to bed, but were just going, when this horrible affair happened. This was about eleven o'clock. We all assembled in the parlour, where we remained for two hours. Mr. S. then advised us to retire, thinking it was impossible he would make a second attack. We left Bysse and our man-servant—who had only arrived that day, and who knew nothing of the house—to sit up. I had been in bed three hours when I heard a pistol go off. I immediately ran down stairs, when I perceived that Bysse's flannel gown had been shot through, and the window curtain. Bysse had sent Daniel to see what hour it was; when he heard a noise at the window: he went there, and a man thrust his arm through the glass, and fired at him. Thank Heaven! the ball went through his gown, and he remained unhurt. Mr. S. happened to stand sideways; had he stood fronting, the ball must have killed him. Bysse fired his pistol, but it would not go off; he then aimed a blow at him with an old sword, which we found in the house. The assassin attempted to get the sword from him, and just as he was pulling it away, Dan rushed into the room, when he made his escape. This was at four in the morning. It had been a most dreadful night; the wind was as loud as thunder, and the rain descended in torrents. Nothing has been heard of him, and we have every reason to believe it was no stranger, as there is a man of the name of Luson, who, the next morning that it happened, went and told the shop-keepers that it was a tale of Mr. Shelley's to impose upon them, that he might leave the country without paying his bills. This they believed, and none of them attempted to do anything towards his discovery. We left Tanyralit on Sunday, and stayed, till everything was ready for our leaving the place, at the house of the Solicitor-General of the county, who lived seven miles from us. This Mr. Luson had been heard to say, that he was determined to drive us out of the country. He once happened to get hold of a little pamphlet which Mr. S. had printed in Dublin. This he sent up to Government; in fact, he was for ever saying something against us, and that because we were determined not to admit him to our house, because we had heard his character, and from acts of his, we found that he was malignant and cruel to the greatest degree. We experienced pleasure in reading your letter, at the time when every one seemed to be plotting against us; when those who, a few weeks back, had been offering their services, shrunk from the task, when called upon in a moment like that. Mr. Shelley and my sister unite with me in kind regards; whilst I remain,

"Yours truly, H. SHELLEY."

Later, Mr. Hogg tells how "the good Harriet's fine, new carriage,"—a tolerably poetical purchase for a couple poor as the one in question is described to have been,—exposed himself to the chances of an arrest. He was often (he says) taken, or mistaken, for his friend,—and, willingly accepting this character of "*alter ego*," favours the world with his own reminiscences of Dr. Parr, of lisp, and apron, and bell-ringing memory—of Lady Oxford, the beautiful mother of Child Harold's "*Ianthe*,"—and of Madame D'Arbly. In regard to the last celebrity, we will let Mr. Hogg speak.—

"I called one morning—it was on a Sunday, I think—at the house of a common friend, to meet Bysse, by appointment, for some expedition or other; he did not attend, as was too frequently the case with him; no human being, no poet was ever less punctual: he had no perception, no notion of time; a divine nature lives not in time, but in eternity. Although I did not meet him on that occasion, I saw a personage of some distinction, for Madame D'Arbly called. She expected to find, or professed to have expected to have found, her very dear friend, Madame de B.; of course she would have been ravished by her presence, she was desolated at her absence. The favoured novelist had just returned from France, to which country few English went in those days, and from which still fewer returned. Her conversation, therefore, would have been very interesting if she had told us anything to the purpose; but she did not, and it was not so. She returned from an unsuccessful chase after her husband. Whenever a Frenchman marries an Englishwoman, for some six years or so, he makes her a most exemplary husband; and then, all at once, he plants her; plants her at once and for ever. Thus had the Chevalier served the gifted Authoress of '*Evelina*' and '*Cecilia*.' He, a singularly handsome man, as it was affirmed, for the accustomed period had been a good, almost too good a husband,—too good, certainly, to last,—and then suddenly he withdrew himself; withdrew himself, entirely against his inclination, but under the iron influence of some painful, irresistible, and indescribable necessity, as his frequent and very affectionate letters abundantly testified, with often-repeated assurances, that he should never know a moment's peace of mind until his return at some remote and indefinite period. The efforts of the most eloquent pen had failed to recall the General, or even to obtain any specific limitation of the probable duration of the term of his absence and anguish. The forsaken wife at last determined to go in quest of him herself, and to terminate his sufferings by bringing the fugitive back to happiness. With infinite difficulty and after long delays, and by moving heaven and earth, she had obtained a passport and permission to land in France. She gave us the details at great length. She procured, with some trouble, an open boat, and set out with her maid-servant. They reached the French coast, at what point I have forgotten; as they neared the land the soldiers on the beach made signs to the boat to retire; and as it still approached the shore, they fired their muskets, and the balls were heard whizzing over their heads. The boatmen resolved to return, Madame was determined to remain; after some disputes the mistress and her maid were lifted out of the boat and set down, up to the middle in the water, with their portmanteaus on their heads. When the soldiers perceived that the formidable boat was retreating, they ceased to fire, but they took no notice of the poor women, who remained in the sea, the tide rising gradually until it reached their chins. Just in time, however, to save them from drowning, a boat came to them from the beach, and they were landed thoroughly wet, but unhurt. Profound as the Chevalier's affliction was, it had left no traces behind; every inquiry was vain, every research fruitless; no tidings could be heard of the disconsolate husband. It was inconceivable, but it was true, that he still persevered in withdrawing himself from his beloved wife, and from the young pledge of their affections: the General did not choose to redeem the pledge. All

the affecting and romantic incidents of the unavailing pursuit were related with a copious stream of conjugal eloquence in a discourse that threatened to be interminable. The effect of this celebrated lady's conversation, like her written narratives, was often to inspire astonishment, but certainly not always implicit belief. The feelings of the wife finally gave place to those of the daughter. We had never seen her father; we had never heard him play on the organ: we had lived therefore in vain. It was arranged that the reproach should be removed forthwith by meeting Evelina on a Sunday afternoon in the chapel at Chelsea Hospital. The appointment was duly kept; we attended the evening service, heard a heavy voluntary, and some other performances, some of them being very loud, probably to display the power of the instrument; and we were afterwards presented to the Author of the History of Music. It was adjudged and decreed that Bysse should go with us; he would be delighted, some said. However, he took the liberty of judging for himself; he thought otherwise; and of acting for himself also; he was terrified at the bare proposal of listening to such heavenly strains and intellectual conversation; he eluded himself, and evaded pursuit as effectually as if he had been a goat, or even General D'Arbly himself. Something being said about the music of the ancients, the organist assured us that it had no merit whatever. Some Greek tunes had been found in an old MS. of Pindar; these proved to be altogether intolerable; notwithstanding he had not only transposed the ancient notation into the modern form, but had also entirely re-arranged them himself. The Doctor's hearers were somewhat bigotted in their favourite opinion of the eminent perfection of Grecian art; on our way home we ventured to conjecture, that possibly the re-arrangement had some share in making the antique melodies distasteful to modern ears. It was observed, that if the Iliad of Homer, having been long lost, had been lately found by the immortal Doctor, and he had not only made the poem public, but had taken the trouble to rewrite it himself from beginning to end, it might be doubted, whether the Iliad would have been admired as much in the improved recension, as it has been in the unformed state, in which the world has always possessed it. It was regretted by some of our party needlessly, I thought, that Shelley had missed the opportunity of seeing the famous Madame D'Arbly and of being seen by her. And it was plotted to bring them together; but the plot, I believe, did not succeed; and it was quite as well that it did not. They were not suited for each other; whatever merit Miss Burney had, and no doubt she possessed much, was not to his taste. The daughter of a music-master, who got his bread by giving lessons at Court and to the children of the aristocracy, who had been herself a sort of handmaid to the queen, an unworthy and unpleasant employment, according to her own account of the matter, could be neither more nor less than what she in fact was, a bundle of conventionalities; and these, however clever and well arranged, would not have proved attractive to the divine Poet. Her conversation was not without ability, but it was wholly about herself, and the self not being at all interesting, the conversation could not be so. 'The New Zealander must have had a good appetite who wanted to eat you, Burney!' said Charles Lamb."

Subsequently, we find noted some peculiarities of toilette and table habits which distinguished Bysse. The perpetual fever in which he lived seems to have made a great coat impossible to him. It may have been the same combustible temperament which disposed him for a while to adopt the habits of the vegetarians. Any scheme or system, however, that was strange or at variance with the world's received notions of comfort seems to have attracted him.—The poor child-wife, whose society had sufficed him, now began to be thrown by, like other of the delights which it was his habit to dream would last "for ever." She became the mother of a little girl, for whom the father seems to have cared little. She had

dwindled intellectually, too, it would appear from the following passage:—

"The good Harriet had fully recovered from the fatigues of her first effort of maternity, and, in fact, she had taken it easily. She was now in full force, vigour, and effect; roseate as ever, at times, perhaps, rather too rosy. She had entirely relinquished her favourite practice of reading aloud, which had been formerly a passion. I do not remember hearing her read even once after the birth of her child; the accustomed exercise of the chest had become fatiguing, or she was weary of it. Neither did she read much to herself; her studies, which had been so constant and exemplary, had dwindled away to nothing, and Bysse had ceased to express any interest in them, and to urge her, as of old, to devote herself to the cultivation of her mind. When I called upon her, she proposed a walk, if the weather was fine, instead of the vigorous and continuous readings of preceding years. The walk commonly conducted us to some fashionable bonnet-shop; the reading, it is not to be denied, was sometimes tiresome, the contemplation of bonnets was always so."

On the other hand, Shelley formed "close alliance" with friends at Bracknell, including a new Harriet, who wrote to Mr. Hogg, in acknowledgment of his "most agreeable and welcome letter," and in defence of "home-spun pleasures," which she was resolved to teach the poet to taste. How effectual was the second Harriet's dose may be divined from the following epistle, written by the patient under treatment six days later than the communication referred to:—

"Bracknell, March 16, 1814.

"My dear Friend,—I promised to write to you, when I was in the humour. Our intercourse has been too much interrupted for my consolation. My spirits have not sufficed to induce the exertion of determining to write to you. My value, my affection for you have sustained no diminution; but I am a feeble, wavering, feverish being, who requires support and consolation, which his energies are too exhausted to return. I have been staying with Mrs. B. for the last month; I have escaped, in the society of all that philosophy and friendship combine, from the dismaying solitude of myself. They have revived in my heart the expiring flame of life. I have felt myself translated to a paradise, which has nothing of mortality, but its transitoriness; my heart sickens at the view of that necessity, which will quickly divide me from the delightful tranquillity of this happy home,—for it has become my home. The trees, the bridge, the minutest objects, have already a place in my affections. My friend, you are happier than I. You have the pleasures as well as the pains of sensibility. I have sunk into a premature old age of exhaustion, which renders me dead to every thing, but the unenviable capacity of indulging the vanity of hope, and a terrible susceptibility to objects of disgust and hatred. My temporal concerns are slowly rectifying themselves; I am astonished at my own indifference to their event. I live here like the insect that sports in a transient sunbeam, which the next cloud shall obscure for ever. I am much changed from what I was. I look with regret to our happy evenings at Oxford, and with wonder at the hopes which in the excess of my madness I there encouraged. Burns says, you know,

Pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower—the bloom is fled;
Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white—then lost for ever.

Eliza is still with us,—not here!—but will be with me when the infinite malice of destiny forces me to depart. I am now but little inclined to contest this point. I certainly hate her with all my heart and soul. It is a sight which awakens an inexpressible sensation of disgust and horror, to see her caress my poor little Ianthe, in whom I may hereafter find the consolation of sympathy. I sometimes feel faint with the fatigue of checking the overflowings of my unbounded abhorrence for this miserable wretch. But she is no more than a blind and loathsome worm, that cannot see to sting. I have begun to learn Italian again. I am

reading 'Beccaria dei diletti e pene.' His essay seems to contain some excellent remarks, though I do not think that it deserves the reputation it has gained. Cornelia assists me in this language. Did I not once tell you, that I thought her cold and reserved? She is the reverse of this, as she is the reverse of everything bad. She inherits all the divinity of her mother. What have you written? I have been unable even to write a common letter. I have forced myself to read 'Beccaria' and Dumont's 'Bentham.' I have sometimes forgotten that I am not an inmate of this delightful home,—that a time will come which will cast me again into the boundless ocean of abhorred society. I have written nothing, but one stanza, which has no meaning, and that I have only written in thought:—

Thy dewy locks sink in my breast;
Thy gentle words stir poison there;
Thou hast disturbed the only rest
That was the portion of despair!
Subdued to Duty's hard control,
I could have borne my wayward lot:
The chains that bind this ruined soul
Had cankered then—but crushed it not.

This is the vision of a delirious and distempered dream, which passes away at the cold clear light of morning. Its surpassing excellence and exquisite perfections have no more reality than the colour of an autumnal sunset. Adieu!—Believe me truly and affectionately yours,

"P. B. SHELLEY."

"Poor Harriet the first!" will be the comment of most honest-hearted readers. But Harriet the second, and Cornelia, and every one else, were presently to be put out—by a stronger influence. Shelley had long sat at the feet of Godwin as of a *Gamaliel*,—and the Author of 'Political Justice' (to whose impassiveness, self-occupation, not to say phlegm, bound up as they were with high genius and grand intellectual qualities, many a contemporary has borne testimony) had professed to lecture and to set to rights his disciple—had counselled Shelley to live within his income, to observe times and seasons, to be as orderly in morals as he was unfettered in creeds. But a scene which occurred after some intercourse with the Godwins, and when the Westbrook sisters had entirely wearied out the poet, may tell a tale to lovers of "order," somewhat at variance with the theoretical homilies of the Author of 'St. Leon' to the Poet of 'Queen Mab.' The year was 1814.—

"A criminal information against Lord Cochrane and three other persons of less note, for what was familiarly called the Stock Exchange Hoax, was the most remarkable of sundry exploits in special pleading that were achieved in our murky den at Gray's Inn. * * Lord Ellenborough had come to Guildhall to get a verdict at all hazards. He was rolling about on the bench like a stormy sea, that seemed somehow to desire to calm itself. His head was tossed up and down as a cockboat in the surf; like the white buoy on the bar amidst the breakers. He was clumsily courteous to the jury, to the defendants, to everybody; roughly bland in an awkward fashion, like a pet bear, and freely rejecting immaterial evidence with conspicuous impartiality. * * I stood in the court for an hour or two, amongst the crowd on the floor, and then withdrew; my fellow-pupil remained. I contrived to gather from the bench that I should leave the affair in very good hands; that my criminal information was pretty safe. In Cheapside I fell in with Shelley: I spoke to him of the trial that was depending. He rarely took an interest in such matters, and he expressed no curiosity as to the result. We walked westward, through Newgate Street. When we reached Skinner Street, he said, 'I must speak with Godwin; come in, I will not detain you long.' I followed him through the shop, which was the only entrance, and up-stairs. We entered a room on the first floor; it was shaped like a quadrant. In the arc were windows; in one radius a fire-place, and in the other a door, and shelves with many old books. William Godwin was not at home. Bysse strode about the room,

causing the crazy floor of the ill-built, unowned dwelling-house to shake and tremble under his impatient footsteps. He appeared to be displeased at not finding the fountain of Political Justice. 'Where is Godwin?' he asked me several times, as if I knew. I did not know, and, to say the truth, I did not care. He continued his uneasy promenade; and I stood reading the names of old English authors on the backs of the venerable volumes, when the door was partially and softly opened. A thrilling voice called 'Shelley!' A thrilling voice answered 'Mary!' And he darted out of the room, like an arrow from the bow of the far-shooting king. A very young female, fair and fair-haired, pale indeed, and with a piercing look, wearing a frock of tartan, an unusual dress in London at that time, had called him out of the room. He was absent a very short time—a minute or two; and then returned. 'Godwin is out; there is no use in waiting.' So we continued our walk along Holborn. 'Who was that, pray?' I asked; 'a daughter?'—'Yes.'—'A daughter of William Godwin?'—'The daughter of Godwin and Mary.'

Let us now leave Mr. Hogg's book, expecting its completion with some curiosity. The moiety exposed to the world may serve one purpose—to show why a complete Life of Shelley can, and possibly should never be written.

1848. *Historical Revelations: inscribed to Lord Normanby.* By Louis Blanc. (Chapman & Hall.)

Lord Normanby's volumes will enjoy the fortune of those poor writings which provoked the ire of Milton and of Locke. Who cares for Salmasius and Alexander More? Who remembers even the name of Jonas Proast, the gentleman at whom Locke wrote his second treatise on Civil Government? Yet the *Defensio* and the *Civil Government* are immortal. In the same way, Lord Normanby's pert and superficial survey of the French Revolution of 1848 has hastened—if not caused—the publication of two very noticeable works—'The Memoirs of M. Guizot,' and these 'Historical Revelations,' by M. Louis Blanc—works which will survive, not merely the circumstances in which they originate, but the century in which they appear.

A goodly number of these five hundred eloquent pages are employed upon an original narrative of the events of 1848—composed of the personal experiences of the writer. These, in our opinion, are the most valuable portions of the volume. The chapters describing the personal and political relations of Louis Napoleon with the author may be described as the most curious.

The Preface opens with these words, explaining why the exile writes in English, instead of in his native language:—

"It will ever be to the glory of England, that, in the middle of the nineteenth century, she should have been the only impregnable asylum, in Europe, for the exile driven from his country by absolutism or usurpation. The indomitable energy with which the English people have maintained the right of asylum is the more honourable, as they do not espouse the opinions of those they harbour, nor think either of countenancing their views or encouraging their hopes. How imposing the spectacle of a nation, whose genius is so eminently practical, running the risk of war rather than condescend to the ignoble task of hunting down the homeless! And not only is England a safe place of refuge for every foreigner who, in his native land, has fallen a victim to civil discords, but she is, in fact, the last sanctuary, in Europe, open to the human mind itself. That Louis Bonaparte and other Continental despots should stand in fear of plots and conspiracies, is natural enough; but it is not these that are their worst terrors. What really alarms and exasperates them, is the mere idea that there is in Europe a place where their adversaries are enabled to speak out. The con-

spiry that makes them inwardly tremble is that of human thought. They know that all their armies and all their treasures are powerless against that unrelenting enemy of despotism—free speech. The attempt by Louis Bonaparte to make political capital out of assassination, and to turn Italian vengeance into a pretext for tightening his deadly grasp upon France—the finishing blow struck at the press—the obliteration of the last remaining vestiges of personal liberty—the retrospective scheme of persecution aimed at men already persecuted—the mockery of compelling universal suffrage to swear fealty for ever to the Empire, by one who boasts of being Emperor through universal suffrage—the recent division of the whole country into five great military districts—Belgium, Piedmont, and Switzerland placed under coercion, and the savage crusade preached against a handful of exiles—are even more than the necessary development of that war to the knife which Louis Bonaparte is doomed to wage against unfettered thought; they are a demonstration never to be forgotten, and a desperate confession of his impotence. He feels that some five or six harmless refugees having nothing left on earth but their pens, and freely writing in a London garret what they hold to be true, are more powerful than he is at the head of 400,000 soldiers; for he fears them, and they fear him not. Nor is it possible for him to halt in his destined track. A sinister logic goads him unmercifully on, and he cannot help going all the lengths of tyranny—servant of the very soldiers he commands, and, while striking terror into others, struck with a worse terror himself. England, therefore, cannot expect to be pardoned by Louis Bonaparte, whatever may be her policy towards the refugees, as long as she shares their guilt, by asserting the right of free speech. Fortunately, she is strong enough to hold that sacred right against all comers. Meanwhile, it is no small honour to her that her language should be, at this moment, the vernacular of Liberty; the only language in which freemen of every nation can interchange ideas, and print their thoughts with any chance of finding a public allowed to read them. These are the reasons why I publish this book in English and in England."

M. Louis Blanc judges the late King of the French with extreme moderation—for a Republican with great leniency.—

"Louis Philippe was a prince gifted with many good qualities. His domestic virtues were such as to command respect. He was by no means wanting in enlightened perceptions. Both from a disposition naturally merciful, and from a philosophical notion of the value of human life, he was so averse to shedding blood, that his ministers were sure to meet with an almost desperate resistance on his part, whenever they asked him to affix his signature to a sentence of death. Upon the whole, he was a man of remarkably sober character. Nor did Liberty, under his reign, receive any mortal wound. In times of foreign and internal difficulties, he succeeded in warding off imminent dangers, and the middle classes were indebted to him for the repose they so dearly prized. Still, when the hour of his doom struck, no wish was expressed for his crown's preservation; no helping hand was held out to him; the moneyed classes kept aloof; the soldiers either refused to fight or fought reluctantly; for the first time, the shopkeepers seemed to have forgotten that revolutions are bad for trade; the most active part of the National Guard actually countenanced the insurrection; the old King, looking around him, and seeing nothing but a dreary solitude, became disheartened, and a government which had lasted no less than seventeen years was overthrown by a touch."

Into the detail of the street-fighting M. Louis Blanc does not enter; and we pass to the first serious misrepresentation in Lord Normanby's book—the election of the Provisional Government. This is the way in which, according to M. Louis Blanc, that body was chosen:—

"On the 24th of February, scarcely was the fight at an end, when the people flocked from every quarter to the offices of both Republican papers, in

quest of a central direction. An immense crowd surrounded the office of the *Réforme*, the smallest part of which was pent up to suffocation in the court of the Hôtel Bullion, while the rest overflowed the neighbouring streets, and more especially the street of Jean Jacques Rousseau. A sort of considerate anxiety was visible in everyone's countenance. The only shout sent forth was *Vive la République!*—a shout which grew tremendous, but gradually dwindled into solemn silence, when I made my appearance at a window, holding a paper in my hand. Then it was that I read the following list, which had been agreed to by the *Réforme* and the *National*.—Dupont (De l'Éure), François Arago, Ledru Rollin, Flocon, Marie, Armand Marrast, Crémieux, Garnier Pages, Lamartine, Louis Blanc. The utterance of these names was hailed with loud acclamations, quickly succeeded by a general cry: *Albert! Albert!* Albert had never been considered as a political leader. Still less had he ever entertained any hope or desire of being chosen as such. He was a mechanic. Amongst us, he was but little known personally. For my part, I had never seen him. But his uprightness, both of heart and mind, his unbounded devotion to the cause of the people, the disinterested fervour of his convictions, his unassuming manners, his courage, had endeared him to the workmen. To them the presence of a man of that stamp in the Provisional Government was a token that no measure would be taken without being anxiously scrutinized, and, if prejudicial to their interests, strenuously opposed. Moreover, what could be better calculated to mark the commencement of a new era—what could inaugurate in a more striking way the official acknowledgment of the rights of labour, than this previously unheard-of rising of a workman to a post of the highest eminence? I took up a pen; I wrote down the name of Albert with a feeling of deep emotion, and, hastening to the office of the *National*, I had there no difficulty in getting the name added to the list, which was immediately circulated all over Paris, and happened, as regards the other names, to agree with those which emanated from every other popular centre of action, save that on some the name of M. Recurt, afterwards Minister of the Interior, and very popular then in the Faubourg St. Antoine, figured in the place of the names of Crémieux or Garnier Pages. On my returning to the office of the *Réforme*, I found the same crowd still remaining, and quite in a fit of indignation, as intelligence had been brought that, in the Chamber of Deputies, the partisans of the Regency were claiming for the child of the Duchess of Orleans that throne which the flight of Louis Philippe had left empty, and which, carried away from the palace of the Tuileries, was, just at that moment, triumphantly paraded about by some of the insurgents. They cried out, 'The Chamber of Deputies has no longer any legal power. It belonged to that system of corruption and national debasement we have pulled to pieces. Must so much blood have been shed in vain? Are we to submit anew to the worn-out monarchical yoke?' *A bas la Régence! A bas les Corrompus!* *Les Corrompus!* Such was, under the rule of Louis Philippe, the popular designation of the Chamber of Deputies."

Lord Normanby distinctly asserts that MM. Marrast, Flocon, Louis Blanc, and Albert were at first only secretaries, and that in the confusion of the day they gradually dropped their proper designation and character, and pushed themselves into the actual government,—a thing marvellous to the ambassadorial mind. M. Louis Blanc answers by printing a *fac-simile* of the first document issued by the new government, on which there may be read his signature without any such addition as *Secrétaire*. M. Louis Blanc has a right to the following explanations:—

"This is my answer to the question put by Lord Normanby to M. de Lamartine, on the 13th of March: 'How the original government of seven had become eleven?' And what was, according to Lord Normanby's own statement, the answer of

M. de Lamartine? 'M. de Lamartine said that was a question he could not answer precisely. The four others had been named secretaries, and as such had signed the decrees near the bottom of the page; that little by little they crept up and mixed themselves with the others; the adjunct of secretaries was then omitted, and they came to have a consultative voice with those first named.' To which the Marquis of Normanby adds the reflexion: 'This certainly is a most original specimen of popular choice.' I beg your pardon, my Lord. This certainly is a most original specimen of gross mis-statement, nothing more. That M. de Lamartine should have ventured to say, and Lord Normanby to repeat, that the 'four others crept up little by little and mixed themselves with the others,' is to me a matter of inexpressible astonishment. Should any one, among the readers of these pages, be anxious to know how boldly history can be falsified by official personages, I request him, the first time he goes to the British Museum, to ask for the *Moniteur* (Feb. 1848). There he will see that the decrees published in the *Moniteur* of the 26th, and consequently signed on the 25th, that is on the very morrow of the formation of the Provisional Government, which took place on the 24th, late in the evening, were all signed, not as secretaries but as members of the said government, by 'the four others,' whom it is, therefore, an inconceivable error to represent 'creeping up little by little.'"

On some few other points, less personal to the writer, but not less interesting to the public, Lord Normanby is set right with a clearness and an authority which suggest strange commentaries on the vigilance and sagacity of our foreign representatives. Take this passage on the flight of the ex-reigning family of France. Speaking of the uncrowned King, M. Louis Blanc says:—

"Neither the people nor their chosen rulers took the slightest notice of him. His name was not even mentioned in the first deliberations of the Provisional Government, and it was only some six or seven days after the establishment of the Republic, that one of us, I do not recollect who, said: '*A propos, Messieurs, qu'est devenu Louis Philippe?*' a question which gave rise to no other feeling than one of kind solicitude. M. Marrast was therefore appointed to go in quest of the fugitive king, in order to escort and, if needed, to shield him. M. Marrast was to be attended by MM. Ferdinand Lasteyrie and Oscar Lafayette. He declined to be the Odilon Barrot of another Charles X.; but he despatched agents to Havre de Grace, with special directions to watch over the fallen monarch and to facilitate his embarkment. The Duchesse de Montpensier had found a refuge at M. Lasteyrie's. After a short stay in the house of this gentleman, she left Paris, and crossed France, perfectly safe. The Duc de Nemours remained in Paris two days, without molestation of any kind. Being informed that he was hidden in a house close to the Luxembourg, we made it a point to wink at it. Lord Normanby did not think, of course, that such facts as these deserved being noticed. His lordship was not the man to be moved at the adoption by a set of revolutionists of a policy which, for its merciful and self-reliant character, has no parallel in the history of nations. All he could do was to admit that, among the members of the Provisional Government, one at least, M. de Lamartine, may have been susceptible of some good feelings. Well, let the noble marquis be apprised of a circumstance which I trust will teach him the danger of confining within too narrow limits one's acknowledgment of the truth. A false rumour having become current that the Duchesse d'Orléans had been arrested at Mantes, M. Ferdinand Lasteyrie got extremely alarmed, and hastening to the Hôtel de Ville, besought us to order that the princess should be released. All the members of the Provisional Government complied with the request, except M. de Lamartine. To the entreaties of M. Ferdinand de Lasteyrie, his answer was: '*Le salut public repose sur ma popularité; je ne veux pas la risquer.*' Whereupon, one of the members came forward, and so warmly opposed anything like a petty persecution

against a woman and a mother, that M. de Lamar-tine was obliged to desist. The person to whose chivalrous interference I here allude, was M. Albert."

We in England have heard a great deal about the red, white, and tricolour flags—and on this subject M. Louis Blanc thinks there are some political misapprehensions which a proper understanding would remove. His explanations deserve to be considered:—

"What was the national colour in the remotest and most obscure ages of French history, is a point of no great importance. But if we refer to a more recent period, we find that the red flag, called *oriflamme*, was, from the reign of Henry I. to the time of Charles VII., the national standard; whilst the white banner marked with fleurs-de-lis was what Froissart terms '*bannière souveraine du roy*.' The white flag began to be substituted for the red one under the reign of Charles VII., that is, at the very period when the baneful system of standing armies was established in France, for the sake of propping despotism. In 1789, the middle classes having raised themselves, over the ruins of the feudal régime, to the highest pitch of political power, Lafayette, on the 13th of July, moved, at the Hôtel de Ville, the adoption of a new flag to be formed by the association of white, which was considered the colour of royalty, with red and blue, which were the colours of the *Tiers Etat Parisien*. The tricoloured flag was, therefore, the result and the symbol of a compromise between the king and the people. Kings having been done away with, there was no reason why their past power should continue to be symbolised. The workmen of Paris could not, of course, be expected to act from any subtle historical knowledge; but they knew—and this was enough—that white meant kingly power, and that red had long been the national colour. In their eyes the prestige of the tricoloured flag had been irrevocably broken by its having become, under the reign of Louis Philippe, the dishonoured flag of *La paix à tout prix*. To give it up was to repudiate seventeen years of corrupt policy, in the manner best suited to the tone of thought and feeling characteristic of the French people. So strongly were the people of Paris impressed with this idea, that no other flag was hoisted during the struggle than the red flag. Whence a natural desire to keep, after the victory, the standard under which the battle had been fought."

We find in this volume a minute detail of the events of June—the "insurrection of hunger"—as M. Louis Blanc calls it, when nearly a hundred thousand men descended into the streets and marched with banners inscribed Bread or Lead. M. Louis Blanc insists that Bonapartist and Bourbon intriguers mixed in the fray and provoked the few isolated atrocities which stained the strife. Here is one of his curious bits of evidence:—

"Amongst the agents employed by the Bonapartists, there stood prominent a mason of the name of Lahr. Lahr, a man of uncommon activity and fierce courage, worked under M. Nadaud, a master-mason,—a staunch Republican, afterwards representative of the people. Just on the eve of the insurrection, M. Nadaud, who happened to be directing some important works at the 'Place de Panthéon,' noticed that Lahr, one of the men he wanted, and whom he knew to be remarkably punctual, was absent. On inquiring what could have become of him, he soon learned that Lahr had, a little before, entered a public-house, at the corner of the Square. M. Nadaud hastened to the place, where he found Lahr surrounded by several workmen, the most of whom were Germans. No sooner had M. Nadaud made his appearance, than Lahr, who was seated drinking, rose instantly, came up to the unexpected visitor, and, presenting him with a glass of wine, exclaimed: 'Welcome, old fellow; and now, *à la santé du petit*!' '*Le petit*' was then a familiar expression used by the workmen to designate either Louis Bonaparte or myself. 'What and whom do you mean?' asked M. Nadaud. 'I mean,' replied Lahr, 'that we must drink the health of Louis Bonaparte; as it is time for us to set ourselves to work.' M. Nadaud pushed back with indignation

the glass handed to him, saying: 'Is this what you call your business?' and he rushed out. Well, it was only three days after, on the 25th of June, that the murder of General Bréa took place at the Barrière de Fontainebleau, for which Lahr was sentenced to death and executed. But who Lahr was, and for whose sake he had fought, was studiously thrown into the shade, for the purpose of shuffling off on the Socialists at large, a murder committed by a Bonapartist, and the only treacherous act, too, connected with the insurrection of June."

Further than this point we need not go in illustration of the value of this addition to contemporary history. Our opinions of the theories of M. Louis Blanc have often been expressed, and we have no occasion to repeat them here. Our opinion of his merits as a writer are also known. We have only now to add, that he writes our language with singular copiousness and beauty—a foreign idiom here and there, at long intervals, breaking, not unpleasantly, the flow of masculine and noble English.

Essays and Remains of the Rev. Robert Alfred Vaughan. Edited, with a Memoir, by the Rev. Robert Vaughan, D.D. 2 vols. (Parker & Son.)

THE word "Remains"—which is always melancholy—becomes doubly so when the collector thereof is not the child, but the parent: the man who has looked to renew his own past life in sympathizing with the prowess, the fancy, the virtue, the fresh hope, the unsuspecting enjoyment, of one belonging to himself, but also to the future.—Many years have come and gone since our historian of "the Middle Ages" put forth his mortuary record of a son taken away from life in the prime of his promise. The "Remains," in that case, if weighed and measured strictly, might not be thought altogether to justify the eulogiums bestowed on them by affection; but the tone and the temper of Mr. Hallam's volume "In Memoriam" are as freshly present to us as if we had just laid it by.—They have been recalled to us by the book under notice, in which Dr. Vaughan pays sad offices of a like quality to the memory of his son. Nothing can be more sincere, more grave, less exaggerating for sorrow's sake,—and thus, more touching,—than the manner in which this memoir is executed. There is nothing of the immodesty of false sorrow in the father's tracing of an earnest man's life of thirty-three years. No unjustifiable panegyric prefaces the collection of his son's complete literary essays—or pleads for the attempts at poetry, masque, and other forms of composition here indicated, which denote the stirrings of an eager, versatile mind.—We doubt (by the way) whether any literary man has ever achieved eminence in any one branch of Art who has not tried many; and, by accident, perchance, has been driven along some path which he would hardly have selected by predilection.—The events of the life of Mr. Vaughan, the younger, were not many. He was well nurtured and liberally trained at home and abroad from his early days,—he seems to have had that instinct towards production which is totally distinct from a taste for letters—he became, while young, a clergyman, alternating his studies and services as a preacher with literary pursuits and occupations—he married, and passed away. Such are the biographical details commemorated; interspersed with fragments of early poems, which are superior to the generality of such aspirings, and with extracts from letters and diaries. A few lines from the latter fall with so perfect a harmony into the impressions produced by the memoir, that for the sake of it, as well as for the picture which they contain, we cannot

not but give them.—They refer to the time when Mr. Vaughan was studying in Germany.

"December 21st, 1846.—Halle. . . . Some days ago, a student died here. He was about twenty-two, reading for the law; his disorder a nervous fever. Yesterday he was buried, and the spectacle was certainly an imposing one. A white coffin of carved wood, ornamented with wreaths, and with the cross swords laid on the top, was borne on the shoulders of men in long black cloaks and cocked hats; then followed a band playing solemn music; then a long train of students, the seniors of the student corporations, with their drawn swords, white gauntlets, white scarfs, and plumes in their caps; and in the rear a small body of the volunteer troops. When we came to the grave, the swordsmen surrounded it in the first row, and Tholuck, who was there in his gown and doctor's cap (exactly like the pictures of Martin Luther), gave a short address. Among other things, he said—'The grave is but a little hill, yet from it how small do the great affairs of life look—how great the small!' As the coffin was lowered, the instruments sent forth some of the saddest, softest, most sweetly melancholy tones I ever heard. We then sang, all of us, a few words—the clouds were thrown upon the coffin, and the ceremony was over. There was something to me inexpressibly mournful and beautiful about the whole scene which I shall never forget. The student here is not buried as every one else is buried, but with an honour peculiar to himself. But I wondered where his soul was, and thought of the sorrow of those to whom he was dear."

The memoir is followed by a selection of critical articles, many elaborately wrought out, some of which were published in the *British Quarterly Review*. In the essays on miscellaneous subjects, we may note as characteristics, a largeness of mind and patience in detail, amounting to a common sense rare among those who are not without enthusiasm. Following the collected reviews, come poems: among them—'Antony, a Masque.' A page of this is worth giving, if only to show how thoroughly penetrated its poet must have been at the time of writing it with the images and cadences of 'Prometheus Unbound':—

Enter BACCHUS.

On my golden-orbed throne,
With its starry glancing eyes,
Where all earth to me is shown
As I muse thereon alone,
I hear, and I arise.
O'er the rugged cloven peak,
Where I make the thunder speak,
And oft time, at dead of night
Do appear its crown of light;
I have sped upon the breath
Of a song of love and death,
That was sung by a bard of mine,
As he walked in a wailing wood—
I come at thy call, divine,
With words of evil and good.
Spare the hero, spare,
Dark spirit of the air;
But my lot is in the urn
To condemn the false cold fair:
Now be just, arraigner stern.
'Neath the charm of my watching,
His restless life-ocean,
Loud sounding in sunlight
Shook earth with its motion.
And eastward and westward
Went ebbing and flowing,
While conquest laughed bright in
The track of its going.
In council, in banquet,
I winged his words ever,
And baffled before him
The sword and the quiver.
My name I set on him,
And my desolation
I gave him to scatter
From nation to nation;
But now lie his laurels
All dead 'neath her smiling,
Whose love-wine is poison,
Whose truth is beguiling.
If pity thou canst not
That sorrowful ruin,
Oh! frown on the falsehood
That wrought his undoing.

We close these volumes, feeling that we have lost an honest and gifted fellow-worker in Robert Alfred Vaughan.

MINOR MINSTRELS.

The Chain of Lilies; and other Poems. By W. Brighty Rands, (Knight & Son), merits commendation for the quality rather than the quantity of the verse. Quaint in structure, and of very diminutive dimensions, this little pamphlet is full of thought, sweetness, true and ideal beauty. Love and freedom, woman's mission, soliloquizing in woodland or by river—the play of light through the trees—the prattle of brooks and of children—the snow-flake on the window—the chrysanthemum in the wind,—are the several themes and emblems on which the author founds sonnets or hymns, often striking, always thoughtful. The main poem is open to objection from its form rather than idea, inclining to melancholy—a hue which is less perceptible in the lyrics. Take the song of the chrysanthemum, for which the author makes a very cheerful speech:—

When the rose on the cheek
Of the year dies away,
I feel it a duty
To do what I can
With my modest beauty,
You curious man.

—Decidedly curious Mr. Rands is, for he puts a question to a redbreast, "winter's familiar," and obtains a poetical answer respecting the snow:—

The Lady Alice, with drooping curl,
Playfully counting ruby and pearl,
Her latest keepsake from the Earl;
And the widow, poisoning her marriage-ring,
In wonder how much bread it might bring
For her sick little boy, that lay shivering;—
I tapped at the windows of both to-day,
And both look'd out in the morning gray,
And neither frown'd on the snow as it lay;
But peaceful fancies seem'd to glide
Into the brain of widow and bride,
As they watch'd the whiteness falling wide.

—In 'Across the Brook,' the author puts the most interesting question that can be put to a young lady in a shape that none of our fair readers can fail to admire—and in 'The Avatar of Woman,' and 'Home-Chants,' Mr. Rands's kindly philosophy appears. The latter poem we subjoin:—

Ten thousand tongues bespeak the soul,
In nature and in life;
Some take to passion of control,
And patience amid strife:
Some say, Be kind; some say, Be strong;
Some, Keep a watchful eye;
Some, Time is short and Art is long;
But none, Lie down to die!
There's no such whisper in the air
From sky, or field, or river:
You never heard it anywhere,
If you're an honest liver.
The Friend may have such things to say—
He knows the reason why—
And people who will pass his way
Get beckon'd off to die.
But as for you and me, my dear,
We go another road;
When trouble comes we will not fear—
A jewel's in the toad!
Come, help me to pick up our hopes
And bear them well on high;
Smelfungus gropes, Mundungus mopes—
We give them leave to die.

I see some fairies in the fire,
At kindly incantation;
I hear a bird upon a brier,
Which sings of consolation;
I see a castle in the air,
A rainbow the black sky in—
We won't let Mrs. Grundy stare
At you and me a-dying!

The Statue Shrine: a Greek Legend, (Hall & Virtue), is in its plan and general expression quite unintelligible. The author evidently had an idea in his brain when he wrote, but what that idea was, does not appear from this composition. It seems to have been meant for a love tale, and is, in more senses than one, painful. Take an example:—

You mighty river deep and fast
Is bound by man's superior power,
Still rolls his quays, all bustling, past,
And fills the docks, through every hour;
Whilst twenty bridges o'er it span
From want to want the arch of man.

—The author's range is far beyond the bounds of space and grammar.

Poetic Hours and Musing Moments, by H. Aveling, (Hatchard), is dedicated to those "who in all lands during youth delight in thinking maturely,"—and these may recreate themselves

with reading Mr. Aveling's work, which it is quite certain the public in general will not do.

The fluency, grace, and refinement, in *Gwendoline and Winifred*, (Moxon), go far to redeem, if such qualities could, the great vice of the poem—which is an excessive sentimentalism. Winifred weeps, is unhappy, and drowns herself, for the sole reason apparently of serving as a contrast to her sister, whose life and end are everything that can be desired in point of morality. One extract will show the calibre of the poem:—

On the lake's calm surface a little isle
From the castle might be seen;
Both summer and winter it seemed to smile
With a verdure fresh and green.

On the island is a nameless grave, but—

—no one knew
The date of that quiet grave, nor who
'Neath its mossy covering slept.
The lilies around it blew most fair,
And the violets sweetest odours there
On the spring's light breezes swept,
And the wild swan loved that spot the best,
And did yearly choose it for her nest.

We have very little hope for Italy if *Italy's Hope* and poetry alike be represented, as the epic style and title are assumed, by Mr. John Ashford (Hope.) Open at any page, or any line, the language is striking. Enter the heroine:—

She lists! she hears when wakes no sound,
He comes! No! Yes! Yes! No! Now hark!

—If, from this specimen, our readers are so disposed, we recommend them to get the poem.

Lays of a Lifetime (Dana & Co.) is an elegant posthumous volume of prose and verse, printed on tinted paper, the composition of a deceased American lady, of whom it is simply recorded that her name was Sophia,—that at school she was not eminent "in arithmetic, but in another kind of numbers,"—that she wrote upon "the echoes of departing footsteps," "the likeness of the inner face," and was a contributor to the Republican Banner. Prefixed to the work is a portrait of the authoress, who presents the appearance of a Patience Anadyomene.

Gaieties and Gravities, by Charles Hancock, (Saunders & Otley), is a strange miscellany of sense and nonsense, jest, learning, thought, fancy, audacity, and absolute midsummer madness—the prose quite incomprehensible. Our readers may form their own opinion on the songs—here is one "decidedly unconjugal."—

What a dear little love-dove am I,
How spruce and how spry
With my bracelets and bonnet sky blue!
These ribands and roses
I'll twine into posies
While sweet hubby dozes,
And send then, boy Alleyne, to you, to you,
And send then, boy Alleyne, to you!
What a scandal it is to be sure
That I'm to endure
The old foggy who's like a huge dray!
Hear the brute how he snores
Through his nose and his jaws,
And he beat me because
I danced with boy Alleyne so gay, so gay,
I danced

On my honour I vow I'll elope,
Unless, as I hope,
You'll go off in a coughing fit, Ben;
When (betaken to bed)
I will have you well bled;
And, ah! when you are dead
I'll marry boy Alleyne, and then—
I'll marry boy Alleyne, and then.

The World's Own, by Julia Howe (Boston, Ticknor & Fields), and *King Richard the First: a Tragedy in Five Acts*, by L. M. S. (Diprose), are American and English productions, which it is impossible to mistake for dramas. Of the two, the American tragedy is more fluent, and in one or two passages almost rises into poetry. Take an example.—

Her shadowy hair flinging its wild delights from brow to breast,
While the fair arms are twin-enclasped above
In rest repose as lends its thrill to marble.

Job Morbid's Pilgrimage, &c., by D. R. M. (Longman & Co.), is an elaborate burlesque of the style of 'Childe Harold,' 'Hiawatha,' the story of Miss Kilmansegg, &c., about as clever and as deserving of praise as such productions may be thought.—*The Hive*, (Ward & Co.), is a series of mental gatherings, published for an Asylum, in verse and prose, containing tales, meditations,

histories of various merit and interest, and among the rest some very pretty lines on the Sunbeam we regret that we cannot extract.—*Lays of my Youth*, by J. W. Pickersgrill (Huddersfield, Crossley),—*The Old World*, and *other Poems*,—*Naaman: a Poem*,—*The North-West Coast*,—*Legends of the Channel Islands*,—*The Pleasures of Home*,—*The Altars and Hearths of Britannia*,—*Palman qui meruit, ferat*—are verses didactic, religious, geological, geographical, and patriotic, which may be fitly said or sung in friendly localities, but which the public at large can have no manner of interest in.

NEW NOVELS.

Ursula: a Tale of Country Life. By the Author of 'Amy Herbert,' &c. 2 vols. (Longman & Co.)—'Ursula' is written in Miss Sewell's best manner: it is much more interesting as a story than 'Ivors,'—the characters are drawn with truth to nature, and they give a colour and turn to the circumstances and incidents of the story rather than the circumstances to them, which is as it should be, for in real life the same incidents played by different characters would lead to widely different results. Of course, the aim and end of 'Ursula' is didactic; but though we take exception to some of the points inculcated, the book is genial and kindly, and the impression left on the mind is pleasant. Ursula Grant, as painted by herself, has many virtues, but we do not fancy she would be altogether agreeable to meet in daily life. Her love for her brother Roger is very beautiful, and her sisterly feminine jealousy when he marries, her clear perception of the faults of his wife and the aggravating blindness of her brother to them, are extremely well and delicately indicated,—the truth of the case gives even an appearance of humour, which is not precisely the quality for which Miss Sewell is remarkable. The main interest of the story turns on the want of candour in Jessie Lee, who before she becomes Roger's wife has been entangled in a flirtation with a very worthless young man, and who marries without entering upon any full confession to her husband, of whom she stands in great awe, and whose "proposal" she considers "an honour far beyond her deserts." All sorts of perplexities and sorrows are made to overtake her in consequence. She is the lay figure upon whom Miss Sewell bestows all her morality, without stint or mercy. The morality vindicated in novels and set up for imitation has often seemed to us open to a good deal of question. In the present case, we seriously differ from the authoress as regards the duty of unlimited confidence. To give confidence is one of those acts that must spring up spontaneously from the influence of the party wishing to obtain it. Confidence must be induced—won by sympathy and the power of understanding the circumstances, whatever they may be. It must be given; it can never be commanded. A confidence cannot be given at all times or seasons indifferently; it is like other fruit, it needs to ripen. Any attempt at utterance before the moment for it has fully come results in failure and half truth, which is more untrue than a frank falsehood. A man shall be able to utter to his friend to-day a secret that he would have guarded like his life the day before; there is nothing that depends so little upon deliberate intention as confidence,—what a friend can win, that he receives; it admits of no sense of duty. The veil by which we are concealed from each other may not be rudely rent aside. The spirit evades the hand stretched forth to seize it, while it reveals itself willingly and easily to those who know how to address it. To make all the miseries of married life fall upon poor Jessie because her husband and his sister inspired her with too much dread and acted on her nervous, timid, weak, moral organization so as to seal her lips, instead of opening them, is a simple want of justice, and shows also a want of knowledge of human nature. Then, again, we demur as to the right of any man to insist upon the unreserved confidence of a woman as to the events of her past life before her marriage. On the article of Lovers our advice to young women "about to marry" is, that they religiously hold their tongues, for we can assure them any rash confidence they may give upon that chapter, either from

sense of duty or motives of vanity, they will most certainly be made to regret. On this point we refer them to the advice of Dr. Gregory to his model daughters and the counsel of Mrs. Ellis in one of her many books written for the admonition of the "Daughters of England." Half the ills in the "condition of women" arise from their inability to hold their tongues; if they would only begin to do that, and to leave off writing letters, they would enjoy more peace, escape much mischief, and be much wiser and better than even the heroines of novels! As to embarrassing confessions, they would find they had none to make! Having delivered our sermon, we have only to say in conclusion that 'Ursula' is a book that will repay the reading. Mrs. Weir and Miss Milicent are excellently drawn in their respective styles,—the incidents are too much drawn out and too minutely elaborated, so as to obscure the effect by profusion of detail; but careful workmanship and conscientious painstaking are evident on every page.

Gerald Fitzgerald: a Novel. By George Herbert. 3 vols. (Newby).—There are novels that make us wonder why they were ever written,—or, if written, who will ever be found to read them, even in the most desolate of country inns in the wettest and most dismal weather. 'Gerald Fitzgerald' is one of these; a dull, incoherent story which the patient reader will scarcely contrive to hang together,—the characters are like effaced slides in a magic lantern, but make no nearer approach to human beings. The book is not amusing, and that we take to be the most mortal sin a novel writer can commit,—it is a sin against his vocation, and he had better give it over. 'Gerald Fitzgerald' is a foolish story—it is also a long one.

The Two Brothers. By the Author of 'The Discipline of Life,' &c. 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett).—'The Two Brothers' is rather languidly written, and there is a want of authorcraft in the structure of the story somewhat remarkable in these days of universal writing,—but there is such an excellent purpose, such a gentle, noble spirit breathing throughout, that far heavier faults might be borne with. The story is very interesting, though more might have been made of it. Readers will not leave it half read, and they will feel that it has been good for them to read it. There is a notion of self-denial and self-control which is well carried out; the character of Everard, the younger brother, is admirably drawn. Angela Gresham and her father are both spirited, life-like individuals, but they go off into too much talk. The book would have been all the better for more incident, for which there was ample scope,—but it is nevertheless a novel that will insure for itself "gentle readers"; and those who are not in search of an exciting or stimulating novel will be well pleased with 'The Two Brothers.'

The Netherbys of Otterpool: a Novel. 3 vols. (Bentley).—This is a spirited, firmly knit novel. The story is interesting, and the interest arises more from the development of character and the conflict of opposing qualities than in incident or adventure. The pride of Philip Netherwood, and his hard rocky nature, with a well-spring of secret tenderness down below the surface,—his unrelenting harshness towards his son is drawn true to human nature. The third volume draws a good deal; indeed the whole story would be better for compression: but as novels go, readers will seize on 'The Netherbys' and be thankful.

The Red Rose: a Legend of St. Alban's Abbey. (Aylott & Co.).—This legend is pleasant, innocent reading, and may be put into the hands of youth without misgiving, provided strict notions of historical accuracy are not insisted upon. The descriptions of scenery and the pictures of monastic life are pleasing, though not very forcible.

The Heires of Vernon Hall: an Autobiography. (J. Blackwood).—There is a profusion of romantic and improbable incident in this story; but narrated in a style so feeble and ineffective that they take little hold upon the reader. The heroine, who edits her own life, does it whilst in a rapid decline, and carries down her narrative to within a few hours of her death; but the stream has flowed along with such tepid dullness that the reader is but little affected by the conclusion, and will be

apt to close the book with something like remorse for waste of time.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Naples and King Ferdinand: an Historical and Political Sketch of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. With Biographical Notices of the Neapolitan Bourbons. By Elizabeth Dawbarn. (Booth).—The faith and romance which are among the sex-distinctions separating woman from man, show themselves in large quantity nowhere so much as in female selection of political objects. *Jemima* will have nothing to do with the Budget, but she is eager and infallible on the Muscovite or Neapolitan question. A new poor-law puzzles her:—but she rather likes rushing across the Alps with a grenade in her carpet-bag,—outwitting Austrian policemen, compromising no matter how many brave men,—with some definite or indefinite security that she will "get off" and "get through" somehow as an Englishwoman. This sanguine, rash, imperfectly instructed creature, let us repeat, in nowise represents the class of women who have studied politics as a science:—the Rolands, De Staëls, Martineaus. They are to be tried, to be accepted or rejected, if not by another code, by another jury. The amazon we are thinking of, in her vast and vehement sympathies, is worthy of the lady who not long ago tamed a troop of "navvies" with a touch, after its kind as infallible as Mr. Rarey's. There can be nothing much worse than the state of public affairs and private justice in the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies; yet Miss (or Mistress) Dawbarn's book is so double-shotted with detonating epithets, starts in such a wrath and ends in such a fume, that as plain readers we feel far more the violence of the female partisan than the horrors she has set herself to expose. Let us quote merely the first paragraph:—"The kingdom of Naples presents, at the present time, a most painful spectacle of tyranny and persecution, of ignorance and superstition, of mutual hatred and distrust between the sovereign and the people." With what, let us ask Mrs. or Miss Dawbarn, is the dinner to conclude that begins with "a devil"? "Woman," (said the ranting preacher to the gipsy in Hood's novel) "behold I bring you glad tidings. You're an accursed race!" Plain speaking is good, but scolding is bad,—and here we have Naples, its kings, its priests, its nobles, its institutions, its *lazzaroni* scolded.

The Dead Sea; or, Notes and Observations made during a Journey to Palestine in 1856-57 on M. de Sauley's Supposed Discovery of the Cities of the Plain. By the Rev. A. A. Isaacs, M.A. Illustrated from Photographs taken on the Spot. (Hatchard & Co.).—With a photographic apparatus, Mr. Isaacs took a pilgrimage to the sites of M. de Sauley's supposed discoveries, and with a few stones from the apocryphal Sodom he came home to ascertain chemically whether these marble remains had ever been subjected to the vitrifying action of fire. The result is, that he denies the French traveller the merit of having made any discoveries at all. M. de Sauley's Sodom and Gomorrah theory, however, scarcely needed this application of criticism, art, and chemistry to pulverize it, though Mr. Isaacs has done service in photographing the salt cave of Esdome, the Reizdour-el-Meyorral, Dead Sea and Mountains of Moab, and the remains at the Ayn-el-Feehkhah and at Goumran. In addition to this, his narrative, though slight, is interesting, and its value is enhanced by the circumstance that Mr. Isaacs counted himself as first among the believers in M. de Sauley's report from the blasted plains of Palestine.

A Catechism of Chemistry, including Heat, Magnetism, and Electricity. By the Rev. J. W. Nest, M.A. (Longman & Co.).—There is much that is good in the arrangement of this Catechism,—and it is evident that the author clearly understands the subjects upon which he has written. We are informed that the Catechism has been "arranged chiefly with reference to the new Army and other examinations," and the principle appears to have been to compress as many facts as possible into the smallest space. In eighty-one pages we are treated to four of the most important of the sciences. The result of this is, necessarily, to induce an appear-

ance of knowledge, and to foster that superficiality which is gaining ground amongst our rising generation. If every answer to the questions in this Catechism was committed to memory, a young man might pass an examination, as the phrase is, creditably,—but, if he should be questioned upon any one of the points involved in his answer, his entire ignorance of either of the sciences upon which he has been examined would be lamentably proved. The system of the day—not the book—is to blame for this. This Catechism has been produced to meet a demand,—and a careful consideration of the subject will prove from this book, emanating from a competent man, how utterly insufficient as a test of knowledge are the "New Army and other Examinations" of the present period.

The Scholar's Book of Beasts, in Short Words. By Sarah Crompton. (Darton & Co.).—Here are plenty of anecdotes about lions, tigers, elephants, monkeys, sloths, dogs, cats, rats, mice, horses, and asses to amuse and instruct the smallest of orthographical students, and the words are so very simple that the tiniest of readers will be able to understand them. There are also coloured plates of the animals. Perhaps we ought to warn critics of seven that the anecdotes are not all of the newest; but most of those for whom the book is intended will not be particular on this point. Do they not always laugh most at the old jokes and the old tricks in a Christmas pantomime?

The Lathams: a Tale founded on Facts. (Glasgow, Scottish Temperance League; London, Houlston & Wright).—'The Lathams' is a pretty-written tale of the evil and misery resulting from habits of intemperance. What is most curious about it, perhaps, is its unusual freedom from exaggeration and cant. The price, too, is so small as to place it within the reach of those who are most easily tempted into the prevailing curse of cities and towns.

A Voice from the Vintage; or, the Force of Example. By Mrs. Ellis. Third Edition, with an Additional Chapter entitled 'The Test of Time.' (Tweddle).—The additional chapter is clearly written, like most of the pages from the lady's pen, and is worthy of sharing in the praise, such as it is, bestowed on the long line of works in which it appears.

The Domesday of St. Paul's of the Year 1222, and other Original Documents relating to the Manors and Churches belonging to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, London, in the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries. With an Introduction, Notes, and Illustrations, by William Hale Hale, Archdeacon of London. (Printed for the Camden Society).—The patience of the members of this excellent Society in bearing the delay which has occurred in the publication of this volume, and which is gratefully acknowledged by the Editor, by no means surprises us, if the subscribers had any foreknowledge of its contents. The documents here published consist of rentals, inquisitions, and reports of visitors concerning the capitular estates in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Such records cannot be altogether uninteresting to the antiquary or the historian; but the entries in this volume which illustrate the lives and customs of our forefathers are few and far between. The introduction and notes are careful and laborious. The reprint here offered is, however, of a nature which for its enjoyment requires an antiquarian appetite and digestion rarely to be met with in these degenerate days.

A Cyclopædia of the Natural Sciences. By William Baird, M.D. (Griffin & Co.).—This is not a cyclopædia of the natural sciences, but of the natural history sciences. It is intended as a work of reference on terms and subjects connected with animals, plants, and minerals. Few men could be better qualified for such a task than Dr. Baird. Residing in the British Museum, with its great library at hand, and surrounded by its wonderful collections of natural history, he was just in the position to execute such a work in the best possible manner, and, as far as we can see, he has fully availed himself of his advantages. In a work intended only for general reference, scientific details could not be expected, but the information, as far as it goes, is very correct. This work has also

A Scottish nobleman has offered 1,000*l.* for the Museum collected by the late Hugh Miller;—an American College has offered 1,000 guineas. The family of the geologist wish to realize their property, and the sale cannot be deferred. A meeting of Scotch gentlemen interested in science and education has therefore been held in Edinburgh, and a Committee named to collect subscriptions with a view to purchase the collection for permanent location in a Scotch Museum. We suppose the sum

required will be at once raised. England has done its part. The late Government offered a grant of 500*l.*; the present Government will doubtless carry out the intention of their predecessors. Scotland will, of course, do the rest; indeed, we trust that the funds are already raised.

We submit these observations to the writers and readers of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica':—

"Manchester, April 16.
"I observe in the *Athenæum* some remarks on our present Encyclopædias, and a special reference to the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' I remember your notes on some particular article in that work about fifteen months ago, which have been recalled to my recollection by my having very recently to consult that work on the article 'Blind.' I find that to be the stereotyped article in the same work of thirty or forty years ago—word for word—with the exception of the small-print matter appended to the eighth edition of not more than two octavo pages, or three at most. It is astonishing to me that such a repetition of almost childish curiosities could be reissued in 1853. 'Milnes's String Alphabet, whereby,' &c.—why it was an invention in which ingenuity predominated far beyond any real use; and I am certain scarcely a fragment of it remains. The whole article is a scissors-and-paste affair, with the exception of the above mentioned:—regularly 'done up' for an eighth edition!—not a new idea in it—the repetition of the gone-bys of 1800. Long conversant as I have been with the class of our fellow men I allude to, it surprises me that so little has been done to meet the real question at issue,—viz., how are the blind to be properly—not only educated, but—provided for? Five-sixths of those deprived of the blessing of sight belong to the poorer classes. Our 'schools' are places which turn them out after having imparted to them a starving knowledge of something whereby to aid them in getting through the world. The testimony of the great majority I have met with is uniformly the same: they can do little or nothing when away from the appliances of 'the school,'—they sink back into their former poverty and idleness, or take to the street. The comfort attendant on a three or four years' residence in one of these institutions only makes them feel the more the situation they are now in. One word more as to the 'Reading for the Blind.' For twenty years past one system of embossed letters has been brought out after another, until we have now five or six sets of type for the blind! Each 'inventor' has maintained his point that *his* is the best, and more than one Society has been formed to promote the views of each particular inventor. Would it not be better that all should unite in bringing out one character? We have, I believe, about 40,000 blind in the United Kingdom, and five different characters whereby to teach them to read! Those taught at Liverpool can make nothing of the books used in the London school, neither those at Bristol the works published at Glasgow. This should not be. I am, &c. X. R. X."

M. Luther de Bilk discovered, on the night of the 4th of April, a new small planet, the sixty-third of the group.

Cardinal Wiseman's singular reference to the "Baron" Geramb has brought us a file of correspondence. The character of this adventurer is now, perhaps, sufficiently recalled; but we must give our readers the benefit of Geramb's modest account of himself—which we are enabled to do through the courtesy of Mr. Robert Cole. The following paper is a copy of the memorial presented to the English Government:—

"London, Jan. 12, 1812.

"On the 1st of December 1811 I had the honour of presenting a memorial to the British Government, claiming from them justice, the reimbursement of a small part of the very considerable sums due to me. For this portion I solicited that it might enable me with honour to leave a town to which I came by order of the ministers and officers of his Majesty, and where I have lingered in painful inactivity for nearly one-and-twenty months. I cannot but acknowledge that the sum of 5,000*l.* which I had claimed was so trifling in comparison with my real exigencies that I had determined (that my demand upon Government might not be too heavy) to dispose by public auction of all the

effects that I had brought to England. Then I should have quitted London possessing only my sword, the uniform I wore, and less than 100*l.* although I had arrived with 8,000*l.* in ready money, effects of great value, and an undoubted claim for a considerable sum on the justice of the most enlightened and generous of nations. But money never was the object of my desires; I should have departed satisfied with the portion I had received, I should have gloried in this sacrifice. It would have proved to England that my attachment was disinterested, and I should have left it happy—without riches it is true! but with the noble spirit that would sooner perish than leave one claim behind to blast my name with infamy! Embarrassments are daily increasing. Honour recalls me to my post. I entreat, I conjure the Government, by the sacred name of Englishmen, by every tie that binds them to their country, that they will consider the situation in which I am placed and listen to my claims for equity. Can Government behold with eyes unmoved the man whom they have drawn to England—one who has given them such repeated examples of ardent attachment for their country? Who, braving every danger for Britons, abandoned the dwelling of his children, the heritage of his fathers, to undertake an enterprise unparalleled in the annals of history? Who, for that government, has expended upwards of 20,000*l.*, with liberal hand lavishing for them his gold, little supposing that he should one day be obliged to solicit a reimbursement? Can Government look coolly on a man who has legal pretensions to so large a sum and yet reclaims but part? Can Government behold a peer of Hungary, a chamberlain in the court of a monarch who is still in heart the faithful ally of England,—in a word, a man on whom the eyes of the Continent are fixed and whose sacrifices for this country are so universally known? Can Government, I say, behold this man unable to leave for want of pecuniary assistance? Will Englishmen suffer him perhaps to be dragged to prison as a recompense for his love to their country? No, never would I survive this infamy. Hungary and Germany will listen with astonishment to my misfortunes, and my disconsolate children will raise their supplicating hands and look to England for their father! GERAMB."

"The Right Hon. Richard Ryder, &c."
—Cardinal Wiseman may console himself with the reflection that he is not the only man who has been abused by the Baron Geramb.

Closing of the Exhibition.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—The GALLERY for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS, is OPEN DAILY, from Ten till Five, and WILL CLOSE Saturday, May 8. Admission, 1*s.*; Catalogue, 6*d.* GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

WILL OPEN MONDAY, the 26th.—SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.—The Fifty-fourth Annual Exhibition.—5, Pall Mall East (close to Trafalgar Square). Admission, 1*s.*; Catalogue, 6*d.* JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

THE NEW SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.—THE TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of this Society is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 31, Pall Mall, near St. James's Palace, daily, from 9 till dusk.—Admission, 1*s.*; Season Tickets, 5*s.* each. JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

FRENCH EXHIBITION.—THE FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PICTURES by Modern Artists of the French School IS OPEN to the Public, at the French Gallery, 150, Pall Mall, opposite the Opera Colonnade.—Admission, 1*s.*; Catalogue, 6*d.* each. Open from 9 to 6 daily.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.—THE EXHIBITION of PHOTOGRAPHS is NOW OPEN at the SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM, daily from 10 till 5, and every Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday Evenings, from 7 till 10, admission 6*d.* The Exhibition of the French Photographic Society has just been added to the Collection. The Brompton and Putney Omnibuses pass every five minutes.

NOW OPEN.—THE SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION of MESSRS. DICKINSON'S GALLERY of REMARKABLE PORTRAITS, containing many striking and memorable portraits.—Admission, 1*s.*—114, New Bond Street.

CHURCH'S MARVELLOUS PICTURE OF THE GREAT FALL OF NIAGARA, which has created such profound sensation in London and New York, is thus noticed by the *Times*:—"We note with peculiar pleasure the arrival, in this country, of a remarkable picture, by an American landscape painter, of an American subject—at once the grandest and the most defiant of all ordinary pictorial power, among the many scenes which this New World offers to the artist. The painter is Mr. Frederic Edward Church, and the subject is Niagara. Few scenes have been more often attempted by the pencil, and none has hitherto more completely laughed it to scorn. But Mr. Church has painted the stupendous cataract with a quiet courage and a patient elaboration which leave us for the first time satisfied that even this awful reality is not beyond the range of human imitation." It is being exhibited for a few days by Messrs. Day & Son, Lithographers to the Queen, at the German Gallery, 168, New Bond Street, daily, from 10 till 6 o'clock.—Admission, 1*s.*

LUCKNOW.—BURFORD'S PANORAMA.—NOW OPEN this splendid View, taken from the RESIDENCY, showing all the interesting features of this magnificent City, and the surrounding beautiful scenery. DELHI and the BERNESSE ALPS are also in view. Daily from Ten till dusk.—Admission, 1*s.* each. Panoramas, Leicester Square.

MR. ALBERT SMITH'S MONT BLANC, NAPLES, POMPEII, and VESUVIUS, EVERY NIGHT (except Saturday, Sunday, and Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Afternoons at 4.—Places can be secured, at the Box Office, Egyptian Hall, daily, between 11 and 4, without any extra charge.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS WILL READ at ST. MARTIN'S HALL: On THURSDAY EVENING, April 29, his 'CRICKET ON THE HEARTH'; on Thursday Evening, May 6, his 'CHIMES'; on Thursday Evening, May 13th, his 'CHRISTMAS CAROL.' Each Reading will commence at Eight exactly, and will last two hours. Places for each Reading: Stalls (numbered and reserved), Five Shillings; Area and Galleries, Half-Crown; Unreserved Seats, One Shilling. Tickets to be had at Messrs. Chapman & Hall's, Publishers, 193, Piccadilly; and at St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre.

The SONNAMBULE, ADOLPHE DIDIER, for acute and MAGNETIC SENSATIONS and CONSULTATIONS for Gout and Chronic Diseases, their Causes and Remedies, and on all subjects of interest, EVERY DAY, from 1 till 4—19, Upper Albany Street, Regent's Park. Consultation by Letter.

PROF. WILJALBA FRIKELL.—ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Positively the Last Week. EVERY EVENING at Eight. WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS at Three. "TWO HOURS OF ILLUSIONS."—Stalls, 5*s.*; Balcony Stalls, 4*s.*; Boxes, 3*s.*; Pit, 2*s.*; Gallery, 1*s.*; Private Boxes, Two Guinea; One Guinea-and-a-half, and One Guinea. Tickets and Places may be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street.

Dr. KAHN'S ANATOMICAL and PATHOLOGICAL MUSEUM, 3, Tichborne-street, opposite the Haymarket, OPEN DAILY. Admission, One Shilling.—Lectures by Dr. Kahn at Three and Eight. Next Lectures on the Philosophy of Marriage, &c., sent post free on receipt of twelve stamps.

SCIENTIFIC

SOCIETIES.

ROYAL.—April 15.—Lord Wrottesley, President, in the chair.—The following papers were read:—"On Tangential Co-ordinates," by the Rev. Dr. Booth.—Mr. Claudet presented a new optical instrument of his invention, called the Stereomonscope, by which, as its name implies, a single picture produces the stereoscopic illusion. In the centre of a large black screen there is a space filled with a square of ground glass, upon which, by some light managed behind the screen, is thrown a magnified photographic image representing a landscape, a portrait, or any other object. When we look naturally at that picture, with the two eyes, without the help of any optical instrument, an extraordinary phenomenon takes place: we see the picture in perfect relief as when we look at two different pictures through a stereoscope. It is not necessary to be at a fixed distance from the picture: it may be examined as well at ten feet as at one foot, as an ordinary picture, without the least fatigue to the eyes. Although considerably enlarged by the instrument itself, we may magnify the picture still more by using large convex lenses; and two or three persons at once can examine it with the greatest ease, being able, while looking, to exchange any remarks, or express the sensations suggested by the picture,—an advantage which is denied by the use of the common stereoscope. By this remarkable discovery, Mr. Claudet has solved a problem which has always been considered as an impossibility by scientific men,—for the Stereomonscope, by its very name, must sound like a paradox to the ears of all those who are versed in the knowledge of the principles of binocular vision, until they have had the opportunity of repeating the experiments by which the author has found a new fact which they had not noticed or explained before. This new fact is, that the image on the ground glass of the camera-obscura produces the illusion of relief. But the phenomenon does not take place if the image is received on paper. When the medium is ground glass, the rays refracted by the various points of the lens upon that surface, are only visible when they are incident in a line coinciding with the optic axis. So that the rays emerging from the ground glass, and entering the right eye, are only those which have been refracted obliquely in the same direction, by the left side of the object-glass; and those entering the left eye, are only those which are refracted by the right side of the object-glass: consequently, both eyes have a different view and perspective of the object represented on the ground glass, and the single image is, in point of fact, the result of two images, each only visible to one eye, and invisible to the other.

This is the main point of Mr. Claudet's discovery, which cannot be fully understood without reading the paper which he communicated on that subject to the Royal Society, the 8th of May, 1857 (see *Proceedings of the Royal Society for May, 1857*), and without repeating the experiments described in that paper. The Stereomonscope is founded on the same principles: it is nothing more than a camera-obscura, before which are placed the two images of a stereoscopic slide, and by means of two object-glasses, sufficiently separated, the two images are refracted on the same space, at the focus of the camera-obscura on the ground glass, where they coincide. By the same laws we have alluded to before, the right picture is seen only by the left eye, and the left picture by the right eye; so that, although only one picture appears represented on the ground glass, each eye sees on the same spot a different picture having its particular perspective, and, consequently, in order to obtain a single vision, the eyes have to converge differently to bring consecutively in the centre of both retinas the different similar points of the two pictures according to their horizontal separation on the ground glass, the criterion of their respective distances. This alteration of the convergence of the optic axis, according to the distances of the various planes, gives the same sensation of relief we obtain when we look at the natural objects, or at their photographic representations. The invention of Mr. Claudet, in our opinion, is called to produce a revolution in the application of the splendid discovery of Prof. Wheatstone to the exhibition of photographic pictures. At all events, it is one of the most curious facts connected with modern discoveries in optics,—deserving the attention of philosophers and the admiration of the public. We recommend the lovers of the Arts and Sciences to go and see the Stereomonscope which is exhibited in Mr. Claudet's photographic establishment, Regent Street.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—April 15.—John Bruce, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—Exhibitions: by Mr. Henry Catt, a bronze bust of Henry the Seventh, by Torrigiano.—By Mr. Fetherston, a gold ring, found at Maxstoke.—By the Director, an ivory group of St. Margaret and the Dragon.—By Mr. C. D. Fortnum, an iron spear-head and a bone comb, found in the Thames. The Secretary exhibited and described a number of relics discovered on the site of the ancient camp at Spettisbury, near Blandford, Dorset.

STATISTICAL.—April 20.—Lord Ebrington, M.P., in the chair.—M. David, Dr. J. B. Veradzky, Daoud Effendi, Prof. Aschehoug and Count Ripaldo (representatives of Denmark, Russia, Turkey, Norway and Spain at the Statistical Congress at Vienna), and Dr. Boudin, of Vincennes, were elected Foreign Honorary Members; and Messrs. D. Chadwick and R. H. Paynter, Fellows.—Mr. Lumley read a paper 'On the Administration of Relief to the Poor in the Metropolis.'—The author takes as the metropolis all that district subject to the operation of the Metropolis Local Management Act, covering 78,029 acres (including 2,778 acres in the Thames), and containing in 1851 a population of 2,362,299 inhabitants. Within this space are fifteen unions of two or more parishes, twelve single parishes with boards of guardians, and eleven parishes governed by local acts. For the purposes of the paper, it has been found convenient to treat the metropolis as divided into five portions.—the Kentish, comprising the unions of Greenwich and Lewisham; the Western, comprising the union of Fulham, and the single parishes of Chelsea, Kensington, Paddington, St. Marylebone, Hampstead, St. George, Hanover Square, St. James, Westminster, St. Martin-in-the-Fields, St. Margaret and St. John, Westminster; the Central, comprising the unions of the City of London, West London, Holborn and the Strand, and the single parishes of St. Giles and St. George, Bloomsbury, St. Pancras, St. Luke, Clerkenwell, and Islington; the Eastern, comprising the unions of East London, Whitechapel, Stepney, Poplar and Hackney, and the single parishes of Bethnal Green, Shoreditch and St. George-in-the-East; and the Surrey, comprising the unions of St. Olave, St. Saviour,

and Wandsworth and Clapham, and the single parishes of St. George, Southwark, Newington, Bermondsey, Rotherhithe, Camberwell and Lambeth. A return was made in 1803, which gives the means of comparing the expenses of Poor Relief then and now. It appears from this that the rate per head of expenditure upon the population was as follows:—

District.	1803.	1856.
Kentish	s. d. 6 8	s. d. 5 11
Western	9 4½	7 8½
Central	10 3½	7 7½
Eastern	5 8½	6 4½
Surrey	8 7½	7 7

This comparison shows a decrease in all the divisions except in the Eastern. As to the amount of the rate in the pound, it is to be remarked that the returns of 1803 include church, highway and county rates, which amount to about one-fifth of the whole rate,—whereas those of 1856 show the rate only for so much as is actually employed in the relief of the poor. After making the necessary deduction from the returns of 1803, we find that the rate in the pound was as follows:—

District.	1803.	1856.
Kentish	s. d. 3 5	s. d. 1 3½
Western	2 8	1 1
Central	2 9	1 5
Eastern	2 8	1 9
Surrey	3 9½	1 5½

—This shows a decrease throughout; although in a few of the smaller parishes the rate has not fallen. The inequalities are considerable, varying from 5s. 7½d. in St. Mary Mounthaw, Upper Thames Street, to ½d. in Kidbrooke, both of which have but a small population, viz., 406 and 460 respectively. In the cities of Bristol, Chester, Chichester, Exeter, Norwich, and Oxford, the parishes comprised in them have been consolidated for the relief of the poor,—an example which might be judiciously followed by the city of London, as the City Union, which contains the 97 parishes within the walls and the precincts of Whitefriars, covers a space of only 434 acres. But, although the present scheme of administration of relief involves considerable inequalities of area, population, and rating, it is clear that the machinery for this purpose must be confined to the separate parts of the metropolis. The interests, the feelings, and the characteristics of the inhabitants of the various districts—both rich and poor—vary too much to render a consolidation of the whole metropolis either a prudent or a practicable measure.

BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—March 24.—J. Heywood, V.P., in the chair.—J. Stuart, Esq., Dr. G. R. Hilliard, and W. Enderby, Esq., were elected Associates.—Mr. H. Fisher exhibited an axe-blade of fawn-coloured horn-stone, ploughed up in a field near St. Catherine's Hill, Winchester, in January last.—Mr. Syer Cumming read a paper descriptive of some British antiquities discovered in Lancashire, and sent for inspection by the Trustees of the Warrington Museum, in which they are deposited. They consisted of an axe-blade of clouded horn-stone flint, the convex surfaces nicely polished, and the semicircular edge as sharp as a knife; a heavy bat-shaped club weighing 6½ lb., and more than 17 inches in length,—a specimen of very great rarity; an axe hammer weighing 5 lb., made of Andernach lava,—an extraordinary example; a Tihlugger-steen of light grey burr-stone, found at Haydock; another, from Gresford, near Watt's Dyke, sent by Dr. Kendrick. In metal, specimens were produced of two spear-heads, found on Col. Wilson Patten's estate, one of which is perhaps the largest and finest yet seen, measuring upwards of 19 inches; the other, 8½ inches; five socketed celts, suggested by Mr. Cumming to have been ferules of spears; an argum, with side loop 4½ inches long, found at Winwick; a battle-axe, found near Warrington; a paalatab and a bronze ring, at Winwick; and another with a fluted bead of blue glass, from Wales, to illustrate the preceding.—Mr. Gordon Hills

read 'Notices of several Round Towers extant in Ireland,' and exhibited upwards of sixty coloured drawings of those now to be seen. His paper gave rise to an animated discussion of the subject, in which the various theories propounded regarding them were taken into consideration.—the general opinion being held as to their connexion with ecclesiastical buildings, although, probably, serving for other purposes at different periods. The paper will be printed.

April 14.—Annual General Meeting.—The Auditors' Report was received, by which it appeared that the receipts of the Association during 1857, had amounted to 605*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.*, and the expenditure, 590*l.* 15*s.* 11*d.*, leaving a balance of 14*l.* 14*s.* 7*d.* in the hands of the Treasurer. The Association was declared not to have any debt unliquidated. Forty-seven Associates had been elected; eleven had withdrawn; and ten had died. Twelve Members were erased from the list in default of payment of their subscriptions.—Mr. Pettigrew read obituary notices of the deceased Members:—The Duke of Rutland, The Earl of Ellesmere, Lord Thurlow, Miss Anna Gurney, The Dean of Llandaff, The Rev. Thos. Halford, The Rev. E. D. Scott, H. Criddle, Sir W. H. Dillon, K.C.H., and Sir F. Beaufort, K.C.B., which were ordered to be printed in the *Journal*.—A ballot was taken for Officers and Council for 1858-9, when the following were elected:—*President*, The Marquis of Ailesbury; *Vice-Presidents*, B. B. Cabell, Sir F. Dwaris, G. Godwin, N. Gould, J. Heywood, Dr. J. Lee, T. J. Pettigrew, and Sir Gardner Wilkinson; *Treasurer*, T. J. Pettigrew; *Secretaries*, J. R. Planché, H. Syer Cumming, and Dr. W. Beattie; *Palaeographer*, W. H. Black; *Curator and Librarian*, G. R. Wright; *Draftsman*, H. C. Pidgeon; *Council*, G. G. Adams, G. Ade, C. Ainslie, J. Algor, J. Barrow, J. Bartlett, H. H. Burnell, G. A. Cape, C. Curle, R. Horman Fisher, G. V. Irving, W. C. Marshall, Major Moore, L. Oliver, S. R. Solly, A. Thompson, and Albert Woods; *Auditors*, W. E. Allen, T. J. Barker.—After the customary votes of thanks, the meeting terminated, and the Members dined together.—J. Heywood, Esq., V.P., presiding.

ETHNOLOGICAL.—April 14.—Sir J. Clark, President, in the chair.—Dr. Williamson and A. Mitchell, Esq., were elected Fellows; and W. Bailey Baker, Esq., of Auckland, New Zealand, a Corresponding Member.—Dr. Beddoe read a paper 'On the Physical Characteristics of the Natives of some Parts of Italy and of the Austrian Dominions.' He had observed the colour of the hair and iris in a considerable number of individuals, and reduced the results to a tabular form. He thought the several tribes of the Slavonian family, including some which had long adopted the German language, were generally distinguished from the Gothic race, not only by a different form of skull and cast of features, but by the frequency of black and the rarity of red hair, and from the British, Walloon and most other supposed Celts, by the small proportion of light and of dark grey eyes, and, generally speaking, of red hair, though that was rare also among the Walloons. The Celtic combination of light eyes with dark hair was seldom seen among the Slaves; on the other hand, eyes of a muddy yellow or light hazel hue were common, and generally combined with light or brown hair. Flaxen hair was especially common among the Slovaks, as much so, indeed, as in purely Germanic provinces. The roundness of the heads and faces of the Slovaks was also remarkable. Dr. Beddoe objected to Dr. Prichard's description of the Magyars as a people "of fine stature and European features." Like many others who had travelled in Hungary, he had remarked the prevalence of a Turanian type of features, approaching that of the Anatolian Turks. He quoted M. Edwards's description of the Magyars, with which he was disposed in most points to agree; and, on the whole, thought that the present character of the race might be accounted for by their descent from the Ugrians, Khazars and Kumans, strongly crossed with Slavonic and slightly with German blood, without ascribing much to the influence of a European

climate and European civilization. The prevailing complexion among the Magyars was decidedly dark; dark brown was the usual colour of the hair, and black was very common. The combination of dark grey eyes with dark hair was more common than in any other country he had visited, except lower Austria. The inhabitants of that province did not at all resemble other Germans: their skulls were short, and in some instances almost pyramidal; their faces and cheek-bones broad, and eyes small and deep-set; the complexion and hair commonly dark. The history of the province favoured the opinion that the population of its eastern part might be partly descended from the Avars. With regard to Italy, Dr. Beddoe called attention to the resemblance between the Venetian and Slavonian types. Certain differences were to be noted in the complexions prevalent in different districts. For example, dark eyes and black or dark hair were more the rule in Rome and its neighbourhood than elsewhere; while at Fondi, Mola di Gaeta, and other places in the road from Terracina to Naples persons of xanthous complexion abounded. No good reason presented itself for assigning this last phenomenon to any particular cause; neither the climate nor the ancestry of the population being known to differ in any great degree from those of neighbouring provinces.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—April 20. —J. Locke, Esq., President, in the chair.—The paper read was—"Description of the Iron Viaducts erected across the Tidal Estuaries of the Rivers Kent and Leven, in Morecambe Bay, for the Ulverstone and Lancaster Railway," by Mr. J. Brunles. —The first part of Mr. R. Jacob Hood's paper "On Railway Stations," was read.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—April 21.—W. R. Grove, Esq., Q.C., in the chair.—The following Members were elected:—J. F. Maguire, M.P., The Marquis of Salisbury, K.G., Messrs. L. S. Beale, M.D., G. Davies, W. G. Gifford, J. Loxley, E. H. Todé, J. P. Webster, and T. R. Winder. —The paper read was—"On the Progress of the Electric Telegraph," by Mr. C. W. Siemens.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Mon.** Institute of Actuaries, 7.—"On the Rates of Interest for the Use of Money in Ancient and Modern Times," by Mr. Hodge.
- Tues.** British Architects, 8.—"On the Opening of the Navigation of the Yang-tse-Keang, and the Changes that have lately taken place in the bed of the Yellow River," by Mr. Lockhart. —Notes on his Journey in North-West Australia, by Mr. Wilson.
- Tues.** Institution of Civil Engineers, 8.—"On Railway Stations," by Mr. Hood. —Further Explanatory Observations on the Laying of Telegraph Cables, by Prof. Airy.
- Wed.** British Archaeological Association, 8.—"Statement respecting Recent Forgeries of Lead Tokens and Badges," and "On a Roman Flower Vase," by Mr. Cumming. —Remarks on a Vase found at Marden, in Kent, by Mr. Statham. —"On Earth Works and other Ancient Fortifications in Norfolk, Part I," by Mr. Irving.
- Wed.** British Meteorological, 7.—Council.
- Wed.** Society of Arts, 8.—"On the Progress and Present State of British Mining," by Mr. Phillips.
- Wed.** Geological, 8.—"On Fossil Leaves from Madeira," by Mr. Bunbury. —"On the Structure of Stigmatis Fossiles," by Mr. Burney. —"On the Lower Coal Measures of British America," by Mr. Dawson. —"On some Sections of the Scottish Coal Measures," by the Rev. T. Brown. —"On a Species of Fern from the Coal Measures of Worcester-shire," by Mr. Morris.
- Thurs.** Society of Antiquaries, 8.
- Thurs.** Royal Institution, 8.—"On the Structure and Functions of the Hairs of the Cutaneous," by Mr. C. De Morgan. —"An Account of the Weather in various Localities during the 10th of March," by Mr. Lowe. —"On the Theory of Internal Resistance and of Internal Friction in Fluids, and on the Theories of Sound and of Asusculation," by Mr. Moon. —"On the Measurement of Gases by Analysis," by Messrs. Williamson and Russell.
- Fri.** Royal Institution, 8.—"On Heat," by Prof. Tyndall.
- Fri.** Royal Institution, 8.—"On the Geological Causes that have influenced the Scenery of Canada and the North-eastern Provinces of the United States," by Prof. Ramsay.
- Sat.** Royal Institution, 2.—Annual.
- Sat.** Horticultural, 1.—Anniversary.

FINE ARTS

NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

The Twenty-fourth Exhibition of this Society has opened in Pall Mall, with some three hundred specimens of water-colour Art.

Figure pictures are few and insignificant, but in landscape the Exhibition is quite an average. We look for these water colours when the spring air

gets tepid and the sky bluer, just as we do for violets or their meek sisters the primroses; as we do for the flower-bloom of spring muslins in the Regent Street shop-windows, or for bouquets of ribbon at the cheek-straps of westward driven greys. People do not go so much for Art as to bathe their eyes in spring colours—pure, fresh and warm—to realize what is going on in the country flower-plots, and to obtain auguries of the May meeting—the Derby of the academy—to hear who is to come in first, and who is to be in the nameless ruck. There is a refreshing truth, hope and busy vigour about the water-colours, that cheer us like light German wine. In all justice to the amount of labour and the ambition, we will first take the leading figure pictures, and then steal out into the fields. First, for finish, depth of tone and daring jugglery of skill comes the expressionless tableau which Mr. E. H. Corbould calls *Noah—A Miracle-play, in the streets of Hull, temp. Fourteenth Century* (No. 218). Now this rich-toned pageant is, in every way, as correct in costume and detail as Longfellow's "Golden Legend." It is distressingly perfect, from the blue surcoat and gold bosses of the Knight of Cressy down to the fur caps of the rabble. The drawing is clear and sure; the faces are tender and strong, pretty and ugly, much as nature mingles them; yet there is some rough vigour and upsetting wanting about the whole; some meaning, something to raise it from a scene to a poem. As a mere costume show, it is clever. Here is the gilded-coloured Ark drawn on wheels, its broad sails, so many blazonings of king and saints, scrolled over with distich and legend. Beneath stands Noah, stately and venerable enough, pointing to the door, while his guilty wife, who, in the real play is a terrible virago, and slaps him in the face, kneels with hands hiding her unwilling face: very gay, in all the fourteenth-century vanity of crimson-horned head-dress and dainty-waisted gown. There, too, are the sons, axe and level in hand; below the cross-legged musicians with rebec and dulcimer, and beyond them, hanging from the bowsprit ropes, or whatever Noah's boatswain called them, is a parrot, jester piebald of purple and orange, making faces at the mob,—the very Puck, goblin and clown of the religious comedy. There are monks, too, under the porch, and moonlight-faced peasant girls and children and burghers and halberdiers, and all the properties properly compiled from Strutt and Froissart. Still, after all, it is only Queenhoo Hall, not Ivanhoe; inlaying, not painting; masquerade, not play. As for technicalities, appropriate signs, "The Humber Sands," vases, dresses, gable-ends, &c., it is perfect; and so it is as to transparent shadows, ingenious scumbles, and bran-new colour. Still it is not the thing. Now to this purposeless, thoughtless kind of Art, however artful, we prefer even Mr. Kearney's somewhat feeble *Vicar of Wakefield's Family Picture* (212). The colour is rather pale and shadowy; the drawing not very clear or bold; the compositions somewhat straggling; the expression good, yet not very dramatically enforced; but, in spite of these drawbacks, it is pleasing, from a certain quiet, determined, innocent humour and propriety of feeling, which harmonizes with that unconscious domestic epic from which the scene is taken. The neighbour Flamboroughs, seven in number, have been painted, holding seven oranges. The Primroses, after much family debate, have determined to be done in a grand Veronese historical piece (so large that, in fact, it can never be got through the kitchen-door). The wife is to be Venus in stomacher and saccue. The two little ones, Cupids. The Vicar is presenting her with his books on the Whistonian Controversy. Olivia is an Amazon sitting upon a bank of flowers, in a green Joseph; Sophia is a shepherdess, and Moses is in a brown coat, hat and white feather. The Squire comes in under the character of Alexander the Great, at the feet of Olivia. Mr. Kearney has caught very happily the smirk of the complacent Mrs. Primrose, who is seated on the green-baize throne; the strut and stare of the artist, with his clubbed hair and top-boots; the Robson-like simper of the Squire, and the calm, simple, self-congratulation of the Vicar.

Mr. L. Haghe is clever, but unsatisfactory, in

his everlasting chimney-pieces and dummy-men, who, with all the same florid complexions and red noses, quaff, attitudinize, and carouse to the same tune. *The Drinking Song* (64) is devoid of all meaning, though the men do all look and compose well enough,—some puzzled, some inquiring. *The Spy* (85) is a vacant thing, with dull faces done by rote. Mr. Haghe is unable to think, and still more so is Mr. Bouvier, with his detestable smooth faces and ridiculous blue eyes. There is no manliness about him:—his immaculate figures are straw-stuffed monsters, with dolls' wax heads and stippled skin, loathsomely perfect, and super-angelically pure. Mr. Morin, in his *Martyr in 1760* (6), shows great knowledge of the frivolous elegance of Louis-Quatorze life, and considerable power of varying expression, but his colour is very blotted and cold, and utterly wanting in sparkle and out-of-door brilliance. The stiff-skirted Marquis is saying,—"Beautiful Tircis, for thee I sigh! if you will not end my martyrdom, these waters shall drown my cares!" and the listener answers thus cruelly:—"Stop, my dear Marquis; you will never be foolish enough to let these fish feed on a Marquis." Mr. Weigall's declaration scene in *She Stoops to Conquer* (155) is utterly bad and insipid. Mr. H. Warren, not content with painting the most beautiful spotted beech-tree ever painted, astonishes us with a gaudy "Lalla Rookh" scene (182)—*Song of the Georgian Maiden*. The maiden in the blue bodice is very bewitching as she throws her languid, snowy hand across the strings of a syrinda. Wonderful are the pearls on Selim's turban; marvellous the brown backs of the Arab maids; but the result is nothing particular but an agreeable sensuality. Much better than this coloured dream is the real recollection—*The Bargain with the Guide* (308); though, even here, the expression is not strong or concentrated enough:—the shaking fingers clearly indicate—

"Not a single fudha more."

Mr. Tidey, too, falls under the ban of no meaning in his Absolon-like ogling sketch of *A Field-day in the Last Century* (135). The faces have a vulgar, hard leer; and there is throughout the picture an artificial air injurious to its well-being,—though taken apart the figures are good. The young fellow lying on his back—the sprig of the sprigling with the guitar on his lap—the absent man spilling the wine while he talks,—are all firmly painted. Here, unfortunately, self-confidence does not make the painter. *The Wanderer* (133) is a mere graceful sentimental study of a gentleman model.

In flat, clean, shallow brightness, Messrs. Rowbotham and Vacher stand first in landscape; but in moist, rich fluency and variety, Messrs. Bennett, Whymper, and McKean; Mr. Philp shines in blue Cornish sea-rocks, and Mr. S. Cook in shore scenes and lively seas; while Mr. Mapstone gives us prairies of mellow colour in views of *Munstead Heath* (129), and Mr. J. S. Prout crumbly old houses at *Prague* (169). Mr. C. Vacher, besides his clear-coloured transparent Italian scenes, with pink houses, green blinds, monks, and fancy villas, starts off this year for Algeria, and takes us to the *Tomb of Sidi-Vou-Sand Miralich* (3) with its red bee-hive dome, its guardian palms, and its broad range of hot, silent plain, equally lucidly treated as his scenes in Italy, and more original; but still too smooth, pretty, and simple for our taste. On the whole, we prefer Mr. Vacher for goldenness of colour to the over-thin purity and insufficiency of Mr. Rowbotham,—for instance, in Mr. Vacher's *Capri* (117), and Mr. Rowbotham's *Bay of Naples* (114):—in the one, the sea deepens in blue from the horizon; in the other, it grows pale. Both know how to make sunlit vine-leaves tell against blue sky; white-washed pillars against purple bushes; red and blue scarfed peasants against cobalt-white sail-spotted sea and ultramarine blue sky; turf rock and burning road against smoking Vesuvius and yellow cliff; but neither is muscular enough or enough in earnest. They try to please and do please: so they are satisfied; but they give us nothing like the whole truth. Mr. Chase's *Roslyn Chapel* (115) is like all his architectural scenes, fat and coarse, wanting in refinement, variety, and delicacy. The best landscape in the room is Mr. Bennett's *Glenarriffe* (10)—a wonderful fusion of earth and air

melting in the centre into blue vapour, through which weird glimpses of rocky worlds are got.

Mr. Boy's *Apside of the Church of St. Pierre*, at Caen (97) is a careful, neat study of the Gothic. A fine specimen of Mr. Whymper's set manner, ostentatious of brush marks, and yet sifted through everywhere with light, is *Tantallon Castle* (50), one of Scott's delights,—rough and sharp, but still full of nature, though low in tone.—Of Mr. M'Kewan's, *The Last Leap of the Lledr* (69) is an equally good specimen, with its singular water and sharp-edged stones,—sketchiness by this painter being never lost sight of.—Mr. Philp's Cornish scenes concentrate in *The Lizard Lighthouses* (147). We like the manly drawing and deep, thick, blue distances, transparently opaque, or rather transparent, yet almost opaque.—Passing from the plaited leafiness of Miss F. Harris's *Hollyhocks* (290), and the ruffling colour of Mr. Weigall's *Polish Fowls* (267), we come to one of the wonders of the Exhibition.—Mr. E. Warren's *Beech Tree in the Forest of Dean* (207), a grand study of foliage, crowning a mossy trunk. The labour here is not one of slavish imitation, but of effect, whether in the flooring of red-fretted leaves, the mossed trunk, or the light-broken canopy of leaves, sun-smitten here and there.—Mr. Sutcliffe's *Elin and the Thistle* (203) shows great skill and industry, but is too small and frittered.—Mrs. Oliver improves, and Mr. Fahey is very faithful and original with his cold purples and greens, particularly in his *Summer Bed of a Mountain Stream, at the Foot of the Sty Head Pass, Wastdale, Cumberland* (231).—Mr. Robins's *Travelling of Holy Island* (92) is good and fresh, and so is his *Dutch Boats running up to Flushing* (77).

On the whole, for variety, change and emulation, we may consider this an advance of the New Water Colourers, much as they have still to do. The constant open-air life of these artists weans them from conventional imitation and that dreary repetition, which is death.

FRENCH EXHIBITION.

AN Exhibition that has reached its fifth year may be fairly reckoned upon as a standard. French pictures are useful to English artists as warnings and as examples. They check our vanity, they excite our hope, they enlarge our views of Art, and teach us "there's living out of Britain,"—they suggest lessons in tone and drawing, while they lead us to congratulate ourselves on our summer colour and more natural atmosphere and poetry,—they bring us unknown scenes and curious traits of local manners. The intercommunication cannot but do good to both nations, checking the vanity of the one and the pride of the other. As an Exhibition it is one of the best, on the average, that we remember, though it has no picture robust and dazzling as the 'Horse Fair,' or terrible and appalling as the 'Masquerade Duel.' However, Ary Scheffer, that religious, grave, and poetical painter, is well represented by his *Marguerite at the Fountain* (No. 139), a painful picture, full of tears. The moment chosen is when the poor, seduced girl hears her companions at the fountain taunting her for her loss of honour. She turns away, not frantic, not raving, not screaming, but with a choking throat and a straining heart. There is something indescribably touching in the blue eyes dim as fading violets, in the compressed mouth, compressed as a sick man's when the surgeon draws out his probe, in the terrible first consciousness of guilt. The flesh is not so flat and pasty as usual with M. Scheffer; it has a warmer colour than nankeen,—but the drapery is coarsely and heedlessly painted. Woe betide the man who dare not paint up his draperies for fear of marring his faces. As for the fellow, *Faust with the Poisoned Cup* (140), we confess not to care much for it, in spite of alchemic books, ghost and all. M. Scheffer cannot convey a sense of muscular passion. His *forte* is the quieter and more twilight griefs and sorrows. M. Scheffer is reflective, and is not objectively strong. The head is not feeble, but it is only an agitated man's—a gambler or a murderer.

Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur—the Eve, as Sir Edwin is the Adam, of the animal world—has two interesting pictures, not inventions or poems, but facts and studies. One is *The Plough* (7), and the other

"Barbaro," a *Sporting Dog* (8). The old dog tied up to the wall of the yard, against which his loose collar hangs, though light in colour, is all but perfect. The setter is looking forward with that sagacious, half-deprecating, friendly look that dogs have who see their master coming. His light tan ears, the dapples of fawn-coloured tan upon his white coat, his very attitude, half lazy, half cringing, are things to remember. The effect, too, of colour is so sober and yet daring, that it reminds us of Hogarth's sick rake with his yellow cheek resting against the white marble chimney-piece. 'The Plough' is an excellent study of two oxen, a light dun and a dark red brown, dragging a plough, at which a broad-hatted Breton, in yellow and blue waistcoat, with a dash of red, bends and toils. In the distance are some squat hay-ricks in rather opaque shadow, and by their side some rather dull green herbage, not very finished or strong,—while some ill-painted birds follow the share over the up-turned earth. The foreground is dark and unfinished, but the oxen are perfectly tangible, with their sweaty flaked hair, thin or crisp, smooth or bristly, and the white slaver running from their jaws. The sky, however, is hard and flat, and there is a general want of air and breathing room.

Why does not that delicious painter, M. Meissonier, paint a story, and not mere coats and cocked hats, like *The Study* (108) and *The Courtier* (109), with the rather hot-brown, monotonous-coloured flesh, always alike in tone, and never cool or flesh-carnationed? 'The Study' is merely a thoughtful critical man, reading.—'The Courtier' merely a man in red, standing forward like a tavern bully in the Tiger Roach days. It is like reading Sterne to look at these figures; but where is Sterne's humour or Sterne's situations? The delicate, thready touch is finer and firmer than Gerard Dow's.—Le Poittevin's *Sailors at Rest* (104) are picturesque, but otherwise not remarkable.—M. Plassan's *Nurse* (131), *Tailor* (132), *Music Lesson* (130), are all interesting; but his best picture, though not very full of expression, is *The Return from Nurse* (129), a pretty scene, well conceived. The child is backing, half reluctant to come home, into the arms of the countrywoman who has brought her; the mother, in white satin, kneels forward, half lovingly, half coaxingly, while the father, in hat and feathers, watches the scene from behind. The green and red apples on the floor, and the white satin, so full and soft and winding, are beautifully painted.—There is, however, in M. Frère's domestic scenes a higher purpose and a more loving heart, worthy of a pupil of Delarocche's. The scenes are very unpretending, only *Children shelling Peas* (59), a *Cradle* (60), a *Milkmaid* (61), a *Gleaner* (62), *The Little Epicure* (63),—yet all lapped in such a happy sunshine of calm, natural goodness and happiness as to make us love them more than if they were heroic *Æneases* on fourteen-foot canvas. They are records of real life and real poetry. The 'Gleaner-boy' is exquisitely artless,—the 'Little Epicure' intensely innocent and abstracted, without being vulgar, and yet not all in clean line, like Mr. Underhill's spotless, bleaching-powdered cherubs.—M. Hamon is unreal and yet delightful,—his painting is only ornamental *Sèvres* work, and yet of so high an order of enamel that it is pleasant to contemplate, without regard to subject. *The Roman Flower-Girl* (74) is a beautiful fiction.—M. Schlesinger has humour, not fully brought out in his roughly-painted *Masters are out* (141). The story is a black footman playing tricks before a figure-glass, to the delight of a small harem of laughing *soubrettes*. We do not like the *Foot-bath* (143), because it is of the Odalques school of Art—a bad school. *The First-born* (142) is artificial, but pretty.—M. Couture has a great nude subject, grand in treatment, but still unmeaning, called *The Disconsolate* (30), which means a crumpled-up female model, much in shadow. *The Italian Shepherd* (29) is a strongly-painted shepherd, looking sentimental, as shepherds in pictures do, at a sunset shrine.—M. Comte's costume-pictures of historical interviews we do not care much for. He has no power of expression,—he brings in his historical portraits in proper dresses like wax-work, and there it ends, just where it should begin. *Benvenuto Cellini receiving the Visit of Francis the First*

(26) is very well; and only a little less good is *Jeanne d'Albret buying from Jean Paré, the Count Mercier, the Gloves poisoned by order of Catherine de' Medici* (27). Ainsworth could not be more unlike Scott, or 'Windor Castle' unlike 'Ivanhoe,' than this is like Delarocche's works. The dove-coloured satin is pleasant to the eye, and so is Jeanne's pleasant face; but mere historical anecdote-painting is poor work after all.—A thousand times nearer high Art is Mdlle. Micars' *Ducks* (110), full of a charming *naïveté* and humorous fidelity, which reminds us of the way La Fontaine treated animals in his etchings.

M. Ziem's *Evening Prayer, Constantinople* (172) is one of those grand, slovenly, careless landscapes, which some people think epic because they are unreal, and swimming in a vapour of cadmium. There is a daring imprudence about this picture, that at first looks like truth, but there is no infinitude, and only one dull, uniform, yellow, thick distance through which loom minarets and domes. The foreground figures are mere speckles of paint and generally weakly drawn, particularly the Turk with outstretched arms, who provokes criticism.—Much better is Mr. Wyld's sober, earnest view of *Venice* (171); not very Italian in atmosphere, but still finely painted and brimful of thoughtful work, if not of the poetry of decay.—M. Trayer's *Market Day in Brittany* (160) is pleasing and true, but yet empty and vague; no expression nor thoughtful episodes nor contrast, but still a quaint, simple collection of white hoods and broad-brimmed hats and pink shirts and blue bodices. Some of the girls' cheeks are too like rose-leaves.—As a record of an odd local scene, M. Dillens' *Fair at Findleverland* (40) is interesting.

Mdlle. Juliette Bonheur's *Turkeys* (5) are picturesque, in the black and red as usual.—M. Brion is energetic in his study figures working the *Raft on the Rhine* (10), quite a floating world—just an ark with the roof off. *The Holy Well* (13) and *All Saints' Day* (14) are interesting remembrances of Breton religious feeling.—*The Zingari* (34), though a little decomposed in colour, is beautifully finished and fine in tone.—*The Spanish Guitar* (36), by Mr. Devedeux, is a mannered and sketchy Andalusianism, in a peculiar style, more curious than commendable.—*The Eagle's Nest* (38), by Mr. Deville, shows great skill in portraying the character of birds; the fierce, fretful anxiety of the eagle is well expressed.—M. Dubufe's *Portraits* (44, 45, 46) are stronger and brighter than usual.—M. Gierscher's *Swiss Cottage* (73) is remarkable for the peculiar character and freshness of its semi-opaque blue water.—M. Isabey's *Sailors drawing up a Boat* (77) is pleasant and rough and dull-coloured, but clever.—M. Lambinet's landscapes (82, 83) are dry and dragged in parts, and eschew green, though a colour patronized by nature.—There is power and drawing in M. Kiorboe's *Shetland Pony* (79).—M. Palizzi's *Goats* (120) are rugged and crisp as ever.—M. St. Jean's *Flowers and Fruit* (135, 136) are unfinished but clever and gracefully composed.—There is a most pleasant, subdued, hoarded sunshine in M. Sain's *Girl feeding Chickens* (134). The face is in mellow shadow.—M. Sebron's coarse landscape of *Niagara in Winter* (146) is interesting as a new aspect of an old scene; but not of course painted on the spot.—There is graceful animation in M. Verheyden's *Welcome* (166), which is merely a simple, pretty-faced girl running, with open arms, through a doorway to welcome a lover.—We have no words to spare for the innumerable music-lessons and toilets, &c. that fill up the interstices of this interesting Exhibition.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—Last evening (Friday), the President of the Architectural Association held a reception at Lyons Inn Hall.

A 'Pictorial Record of the Cawnpore Massacre from three Original Sketches,' taken on the spot by Lieut. Crump, of the Madras Artillery, and drawn on stone by V. Brooks, has been published by Messrs Graves & Co. These hasty and slight sketches of three foul red spots on the map of India were the work of a brave young lieutenant, who fell at Lucknow by the side of Neill, after extraordinary exertions to burn up and destroy the murderers who hummed him in.

As private sketches they have extreme interest, but we cannot but express, not merely astonishment, but horror and disgust, at the unfeeling bad taste of the publisher, who could not only thrust them before our horrified eyes, but actually heighten and touch them up with the artificial horror of pools and smears of lithographic red ink. The scenes depicted are the well, a bricked orifice with trees near it, Wheeler's barracks with a skeleton on its face, and the *Chamber of Blood*, on the description of which even the most brazen impudence of Holywell Street would hardly venture.

The artistic circle at Düsseldorf is about to lose two of its most eminent members. Karl Friedrich Lessing follows an invitation of the Grand Duke of Baden, to become Director of the Picture Gallery, at Karlsruhe; and Emanuel Leutze (disgraced, it would seem, by the cold reception at Berlin, of his late picture, representing the return of Frederick the Great, when Crown-Prince, into the royal family-circle) is going to take up his permanent abode at Paris.

The excavations in the Theatre of Herodes Atticus, at Athens, are rapidly approaching their completion. The stupendous work will soon be thrown open to the learned tourist in its former shape, although not in its original splendour. A marble head with gilt hair, recently found by the excavators, is supposed to have formed part of the statue of a Roman Emperor.

The Royal Academy at Brussels had offered a prize for the best written essay on the probable birth-place of Charlemagne. Only two treatises trying to solve this question have been sent in; and MM. Kervyn de Lettenhove and Schayes, who were commissioned with the examination of the manuscripts, have given their opinion that the intended monument for Charlemagne had best be erected at Liège,—his birth-place being most likely Heristal, on the Meuse.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MUSICAL UNION.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.—TUESDAY. April 27, at half-past 8.—Joachim from Hassager and Signor Andreoli are engaged, with Goffie, Henry and Richard Blagrove, and Piatto, to perform Mozart's Quartett, D minor; Beethoven's Quintett in C, Mendelssohn's Duett, piano and violoncello, in B flat; Chopin, violin solo, Bach; a new Song, by Meyerbeer. Vocalist, Reichardt.—Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, to be had at the usual places. J. ELLA, Director.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, Exeter Hall.—Conductor, Mr. COSTA.—WEDNESDAY, May 5.—Mendelssohn's ATHALIE and Rossini's STABAT MATER. Vocalists: Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dobby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss.—Tickets, 3s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. each, at the Society's Office, No. 6 in Exeter Hall.

Mr. AGUILAR begs to announce that he will give a MATINEE MUSICALE, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on MONDAY, May 31. Vocalists: Miss Lindo (pupil of Signor Ferrari, her first appearance in public) and Signor Marras; Instrumentalists, Herr Jansa, M. Clementi, Herr Goffie, M. Paque, Mr. Howell, and Mr. Aguilar. Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Single Tickets, 7s.; to be had at the principal Music Publishers, and of Mr. Aguilar, 151, Albany Street, Regent's Park, N.W.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Three repetitions of 'Les Huguenots' have strengthened our conviction of the excellence of the upper notes of Mdle. Titiens' voice. Altogether, it may be described as ranging with the voices of Mesdames Jenny Ney and Stöckl Heinefetter,—astout *soprano*, able to abide "tear" as well as "wear" on its top notes. The lower register holds out less bravely, and the lady on acquaintance proves more remarkable as a voice than as a singer; familiarity with her public having developed certain tricks of style, which do not stand in stead of vocal completeness. Among the latter are the disposition to speak (not to sing) recitative, to which a greater predecessor, Madame Schroeder-Devrient, could never reconcile us, and a large amount of make-believe execution. The new lady attempts to shake without commanding a shake; and though she executes one scale-passage effectively—the descent from c in *all* in her duet with *Marcel*—elsewhere, in place of real execution, she exhibits the same sort of evasion as vexes us in the singing of Herr Formes and Herr Reichardt, and which (in fact) amounts to the German idea of "how to get through." So did not formerly—so do not now—the great singers sing.—But Mdle. Titiens has time enough before her to add to her accomplishments what she has not, and to correct what is amiss.—On Tuesday, Mdle. Piccolomini appeared as *Norina* in 'Don

Pasquale.' The house was thinly attended. The lady did her best to warm her audience,—forced her voice,—thus sung considerably out of tune,—and dashed through the part with a vehement animation, which told of a struggle to maintain a declining popularity. Had any one about her understood her position, this need not have been. Of Signor Rossi's *Don Pasquale*—of any one's *Don Pasquale*—we will not speak in the year of La-bla-che's death. Let us turn to something more welcome—to M. Bélat's real success as *Ernesto*. He is a thorough, honest musical artist; sings in tune—in time—attacks his note to the second—and legitimately carries his public by a manly fervour and reality, which are full of relish. Had the "Serenade" been less excellently sung, it could not have been *encored*, so bad was the accompanying chorus. Under the encouragement of a musical management, M. Bélat might go far:—as it is, he has gained a step since last year, and is one of the artists to whom we look for our pleasure amid the duties of the season.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—On Monday was given a concert of the *Amateur Society*, at which there were some glees well sung—Haydn's Symphony, letter A, performed, this amounting to a novelty—and pianoforte playing by Miss Freeth, who appears determined to become—and so will become—an excellent *solo* player. A Beethoven night was held the same evening by Dr. Wyld at the *St. James's Hall*.—On Wednesday Mr. Hullah's presentation of 'Samson' at *St. Martin's Hall* took place—yesterday the performance of Handel's 'Israel' by the *Sacred Harmonic Society*.—While our societies are thus busy, our professors more and more eschew benefit orchestral concerts, in place of a single spring entertainment, each one now giving three—if it be not half-a-dozen—performances on a smaller scale. This fashion must enlarge the repertory of chamber music. Our worthy violinist Mr. H. Blagrove, whose quartett Concerts (with M. Moscheles' pianoforte performances) were the precursors of these things some twenty years ago, seems again disposed to take "the initiative" by introducing at the first of his four concerts a Quartett by Herr Rubinstein.—On Thursday a *matinée* was given by Miss Emma Busby.

PRINCESS'S.—Shakespeare's tragedy of 'King Lear' was revived on Saturday, accompanied with pictorial and mechanical illustrations that mark it as one of the more, if not the most, important of the series of dramas by which Mr. C. Kean has distinguished his management of this theatre. The illustrations, in this instance, are strictly suggestive and significant, not merely archaeological, and irrespective of the poet's text, though representative of the period referred to by his plot. The mythic epoch in which the action of 'King Lear' is laid presents, in fact, nothing but fanciful materials, and the scenic artist is therefore compelled to confine himself to the simple task of fitly embodying the story and sentiment. To accomplish this, he finds it needful to consult some type, and to shape the accessories of the stage in analogy with definite historical documents by which both his own imagination and that of his audience may be assisted. Mr. Kean, accordingly, has not relied upon any power to create abstract forms of the ideal, whether in scenery or costume, but has referred to the eighth century of the Anglo-Saxon era, as the earliest in our history, and therefore the most proper for the state of society so vaguely shadowed forth by Geoffrey of Monmouth. We confess that the result has been exceedingly satisfactory; and presents us with a series of memorial scenes as picturesque in detail as they are consistent in combination. The state-room in Lear's palace, in which the division of the kingdom takes place, opened the series in a style of magnificence which, though barbarian, was truly regal. A chamber, commanding the depth of the stage, and increased in its apparent length by a diagonal arrangement, with its walls ornamented by trophies of the chase and the war, presented the aged king and his three daughters picturesquely grouped on and around the rude throne which the former was about to

resign in their favour. Mr. Kean adroitly took advantage of the position to introduce novel effects in the acting of the situation, which told strongly on the audience. The pleadings of *Cordelia* and the father's rebukes were assisted by the grouping of the characters themselves, and the accessories by which they were surrounded. With equal care and like success, the courtyard in the Duke of Albany's palace formed a set scene of considerable beauty, with which the first act concluded. The drop fell on the delivery of the curse, which Mr. Kean delivered in an original manner, with minute attention to the weight of every word, and particularly towards the close, giving such emphasis to the old king's paternal agony as to overwhelm with its pathos the feelings of the audience, and carry them away spell-bound with the fascination which pertains only to the highest exhibitions of histrionic genius.

It now became clear to the audience that Mr. Kean was bent on achieving no common triumph in his embodiment of *Lear*. As the play proceeded, not a trait of character, not a shade of feeling, not a tone of thought, but that the actor called on all the powers of his soul to aid in its interpretation. It was all sincere, earnest work;—everywhere elaboration and finish; nowhere the slightest neglect or idle flourish. The scenes with the *Pool* were in particular significant, and those with *Regan* rivalled that with *Goneril*; and furnished a second triumph to the actor, again compelling the audience to the most enthusiastic demonstrations in his favour.

In the storm scenes of the third act, the tragedian was assisted in his ambitious efforts by the mechanical arrangements of the stage. Lurid clouds drove in hideous volume across the horizon, and ever and anon the levin flash revealed the features of the hidden landscape; while the poor old King, with the Fool and Kent, suffered the pelting of the pitiless elements. Fain to take refuge in a hovel on the heath, occasion was taken for a new mechanical effect. A Druid circle moaned to the wind in an organ tone, "most musical, most melancholy." But the far greater tempest, the more dismal music was in the soul of *Lear*: and these Mr. Kean strove to fit with a swerable utterance. Anon, he is joined by the feigned madman *Edgar*; and then was manifested the antagonism between truth and pretension which, on the stage, it has always been so difficult to distinguish. The beauties of Mr. Kean's acting in this transcendent situation were nearly as numerous as the lines he has to speak. In a word, he achieved an excellence which must for the future fix him in the position that he most desires, and justify the fullest claim that he can make on critical commendation.

To return to the scenery. The fourth act concluded with a finely-painted scene, representative of the country near Dover, showing a Roman road and an ancient obelisk. The action is the meeting between the blind *Gloster* and the lunatic *Lear*. In the latter, the grand imaginations of passionate madness have yielded to the fantastic diversions of insanity, preceding the calm that was designed to initiate the restoration of the outraged father and monarch to reason. The meeting between *Cordelia* and her reconciled parent was especially pathetic; and Miss Kate Terry, who supported the character of the good daughter, deserves praise for the simple, beautiful style, in which she expressed the natural feelings proper to the situations assigned to her in this wonderful drama. But the peace that is made between her and her offended father, and the reason that returns to him, avail nothing against the world, which will not be governed by the affections, and prefers the spirit of compromise to that of justice.

By some critics the tragedy of 'Lear' has been censured on the ground of its supposed irregularities. There are none that are really so. The construction of this mighty drama is a growth, not a manufacture;—it is organic, not mechanic. Its unity is therefore inherent; to be traced in its inner life. Glimpses of this continually appear, and clearly enough point to the pervading purpose. They may be discerned in minute instances as well as in major ones. How the mind leaps from the

last act to the first, when Edgar observes of old Gloucester, driven to misery and death by the machinations of the bastard Edmund,—

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us.

At once we recall the very first scene of the tragedy, where the delinquent Duke makes sport of his domestic error. So likewise the last lines of the play suggest the ideally absurd fondness of such excess of love as Lear had expected to find at the opening of the action, in "this tough world," upon whose "rack" the dying monarch had been so sternly and remorselessly "stretched." Such a world was no fitting resting-place for such spirits as his and Cordelia's. Their sufferings, in a word, were exemplary and representative.—

Upon such sacrifices
The gods themselves throw incense.

We congratulate not only Mr. Kenn, but his company, on the unparalleled success of this revival. The cast was exceedingly fortunate. Mr. Cooper as Kent, Mr. Ryder as Edgar, Mr. W. Lacy as Edmund, Mr. Graham as Gloucester, were all men in their proper places. The impersonations of the women were not so happily realized;—but these are after all thankless parts, and Miss Heath and Miss Bufton, though they may have lacked energy and force, nevertheless acted with laudable care. Miss Poole as the Fool was excellent. It is almost needless to add that the applause during and after the performance was enthusiastic.

OLYMPIC.—A comedieta, adapted from the French piece 'A la Campagne,' by Mr. John Oxenford, was produced on Monday. Its success was dependent on Mrs. Stirling, who supported the heroine,—Mrs. Flowerdale, whose niece, Violet, (Miss Hughes) has one Alfred Cleveland (Mr. W. Gordon) for her lover, but the aunt has also a lover of her own, Colonel Olive (Mr. George Vining), who becomes jealous of Cleveland, and accordingly calumniate him in the presence of Mrs. Flowerdale. This conscientious lady consequently becomes alarmed for the happiness of her niece. On discovering his stupid mistake, the Colonel would mend matters; but the aunt is determined to test the character and sincerity of the young man by making love to him herself. Just as the youth is about to surrender to the fascinating battery brought to bear upon him, the Colonel contrives to give him intimation of the plot, and thus he obtains 'A Doubtful Victory,'—such being the title given to the present English version of the abovesaid Parisian drama. The stage arrangements were remarkably elegant; and the piece was favourably received.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—The new Royal Italian Opera House grows visibly from half-hour to half-hour, and will soon be in a state to enable visitors to judge the prospects and proportions of the building,—the "resonance question," of course, remaining to be tested. Meanwhile, bets are going round merrily, and unfriendly tongues are doing the usual amount of panic-talk; and the world, that is not subject to dissuasion, is securing places for the first night. Looking beyond this immediate excitement, we are glad to hear, among other rumours which cluster round the new building, that Mr. Gye will probably open it for English opera during the autumn and winter seasons. If the size of the theatre be not too great, such a move, supposing an intelligent management—musical, but not ruled by the music-shops—would be a real boon to the public and to the "profession."

The proceedings of the law courts during the week register a judgment by which, after more entanglements and strange proceedings than we pretend to follow, Mr. Lumley is finally installed as the lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre.

We are told that on Saturday last another revival took place at the concert in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester,—this being a double Pianoforte Concerto by Dussek, which is said to be of excellent quality. Why, with London's affluence, not to say surplus, of pianoforte-players dying for a hearing, must any one curious for such music go to Manchester, instead of to the Hanover Square

Rooms!—For orchestral novelty, we must inquire at the Crystal Palace; where, this day week, an overture by Mr. Cusins was brought forward.

They seem never tired of working away at prize-giving in the "clean, friendly" town of Mannheim:—since now the Tonhalle is announcing that 200 florins will be awarded to the best setting of a one-act opera, 'The Ring of Love,'—the competing scores to be delivered before the 1st of November. Cordial and encouraging as this looks, we cannot help asking what the Mannheim prize-givers have yet obtained for music by their former excitements of like quality.—M. von Flotow's 'Pianella,' a resetting of 'La Serva Padrona,' the book which, set by Pergolesi, every one has heard of, though who knows the music?—has pleased at Hamburg.—Dr. Liszt's 'Gran Mass,' which, as we mentioned, has twice been performed at Vienna, has not proved (so far as persons at a distance can divine) much to the liking of the Viennese. A sensation seems to have been lately excited at Warsaw by a concert given for the benefit of M. Moniuszko, one of whose *Polonoises* passed under review last August [*Athen.* No. 1557, p. 1094]. Some expectation seems to be entertained that M. Moniuszko may turn out a composer, for the paragraph announcing his concert—the money showered on him, and the prestige thrown over the entertainment by the playing of Madame de Kalergi (one of the most notorious amateur-pianists in Europe), announces also that the performance of a national opera by him, 'Halka,' has been commanded at St. Petersburg.

That the *Théâtre Lyrique* of Paris is becoming a scene of general musical interest none can doubt. M. Carvalho, the manager, has been producing Weber's 'Preciosa,' with a compressed libretto,—a one-act opera, by M. Renaud de Vilbac,—is about to treat Paris to a translation of Mozart's 'Nozze,'—in which, together with his accomplished wife, Madame Miolan, Madame Ugalde, and Madame Vandenhuevel-Duprez, are to appear,—and has 'stricken hands' with M. Gounod for a new 'Faust,' which is to be produced in the autumn. All these measures imply, to our thinking, enterprise, and a discerning regard for what is good, real, and new.

A melancholy memento of the force of family affection was brought into the market "of sale and barter" the other day at Paris. This was an old guitar, ticketed as the very instrument with which little Rachel, when known as Elisa-Félix, had been used to go round in the days of her poverty as a street-singer. When the magnificent fortune which the gifted actress left behind her is recollected, the abandonment of such a relic as this claims only one epithet.

Madame Ristori has begun her Parisian season, and already played *Lady Macbeth* with success. The French journals, too, are earnest in their praises of Signor Majeroni,—an actor from Naples (more than once mentioned in the *Athenæum*), and who has appeared as *Macbeth*.

The longevity of musicians has been anew brought before us this week:—since we must register the death of John Baptist Cramer, aged eighty-nine. It is twenty years or more since he took public leave of professional life. He was one of the Mannheim Cramers—a family well known in the annals of music—was born in the Rhine town, which then had a considerable musical importance—came early to England, where his father was in high repute as a violin-player—completed under Clementi the pianoforte studies which he had begun under Benser and Schreter—profited by the science of Abel—travelled the Continent for some few years as a show pianist in request—and about the year 1791 fixed himself in London; thenceforward chiefly devoting his time and talent to this country. It is not too much to say that during a large portion of Cramer's residence here he was idolized for certain qualities in his playing—for smoothness of touch and elegance of finger—to a degree beyond what seems to us just,—since his delicacy and taste were not accompanied by that animation which is required to rescue music, let it be ever so sweet and tender, from insipidity. Hence, from the moment when the incomparable hands of Hummel were heard on a piano in England,

unprejudiced persons became aware that he possessed the beauty which had been claimed for John Cramer, and, in addition, masterly solidity and fluency of execution.—The amount of music published by John Cramer during his long life was enormous—a large portion of it in the strictest forms of composition. More than a hundred Sonatas bear his signature; several *Concertos*, &c.; besides these, a huge mass of lighter and ephemeral music, flung out for the profit of shops and the use of schools, and of classical works, edited with an amount of licence which seems now inconceivable in one vaunted to be so impeccable as a purist.† But of all this vast heap of music, much of which was correctly made, one work alone remains, and, we fancy, will remain, we allude to the well-known 'Pianoforte Studies';—which no more recent productions of the kind have superseded, and through which (as through a gate) every pianist has gone at some stage of his career. Of this we were reminded the last time we ever heard Cramer play. On the occasion of M. Liszt's first visit to England, a party had been arranged to bring together the veteran and the "young lion." Before the latter appeared, John Cramer, whose charity to his successors was but slender, moved to and fro in the room, dropping all manner of smooth little sarcasms, in that "good-old-times" tone of conscious virtue, which is the easiest form of criticism. When the new-comer entered, all crowded round him to ask him to play,—Cramer among the most honeyed and complimentary of the crowd. "Yes," said M. Liszt; "I will play a duett with you." Down the two sate to Hummel's four-handed Sonata in A flat. Anything more excellent than the manner with which M. Liszt, as *secondo*, subdued his force and assimilated his style to that of his partner we never heard. When the Duett was done, M. Liszt must play alone. This he did—but how!—for an hour he played, and by memory, one study of John Cramer's after another,—with a force, a delicacy, and a purity of style, not to be surpassed. Never was ungenerous old man more gracefully rebuked; because the rebuke was unconsciously administered by its giver.—Till very lately, John Cramer might be seen at most concerts, sitting in somewhat cynical judgment on the doings of a younger generation, talking, as from Olympus, of former wholesome days,—days when the Symphony of Beethoven in A flat was denounced, at its trial by our Philharmonic orchestra, as something too shocking for ears pure and polite to endure! To complete the picture, we may add, that John Cramer is said to have been a handsome man in his youth—that his manners had the polish of one conversant with good society—and that, as was only just, his long life of professional exertions had secured him a modest competency, in the enjoyment of which he grew old.

MISCELLANEA

Static Induction.—In my former communications to the *Athenæum*, I have confined myself to showing the particular theory of the polarization of insulating molecules, long taught at the Royal Institution, is opposed, at least as much as it is supported, by the experimental evidences cited in its favour; I have now to prove by that strong test of truth—observation, that the theory in question is untenable. Had I been placed under ordinary circumstances, I should have left the doctrine to compete with that new view of static induction which, by this time, is fully before the public; but, as the author of that new view, I am compelled to clear a way for it to general attention by counter-acting, in every fair and truthful manner, the influence of a *prestige* with which it has to contend, and which is almost great and universal enough to overwhelm it unheard. All the experimental results alleged in favour of Prof. Faraday's theory have involved inferences that one may either question or

† Though the matter has already been adverted to in the *Athenæum*, we must here again instance John Cramer's editions of Mozart's pianoforte *Concertos*. In these every grace which might have been thrown out for once, but which ought to have been varied *ad infinitum* by every competent grace-player,—are coolly incorporated with the text, without word or sign to tell which was Cramer, which was Mozart.—Yet he long passed for a model in all matters of tradition and observance.

admit, as predilections may determine; we have tried to observe the electrical conditions of the two gilded sides of a plate of sulphur, thinking such an observation would indicate the electrical state of the interior of the sulphur plate. The Professor, seeing that his carrier disc became positive when placed in contact with the gilt surface on the side of the negative inductive, inferred that that surface was in a positive state of polarization; from that first inference, a second was drawn regarding each molecule in the mass of sulphur as turning a positive pole towards the negative inductive and a negative pole away from it. But now let us have no inferences at all, let us confine ourselves purely to observation,—let us not ask a carrier disc, or an outside conducting coating, whether it can tell us the electrical condition of an interior plane of insulating molecules; but put the question in a direct manner to one or two of the interior planes themselves. If we were suddenly to cleave into two laminae an uncoated disc of sulphur while sustaining the negative induction of a charged plane, and then remove them from the field of inductive force, neither of the two newly-exposed surfaces would, by the theory, be electrical, for it teaches that the sulphur instantly falls from its constrained polar electrical state into a neutral condition the moment the induction ceases. And even if the theory allowed the surfaces to remain electrical, it would require the one which faced the negative inductive to be positive, and the surface turned away from it negative. Now although we cannot split a disc of sulphur into two laminae, we can do what is equivalent to it,—we can originally make the disc of two laminae, and after they are put together expose it to induction. By proceeding in this way, we shall discover, on removing the two laminae one after the other from the field of induction, first, that the electrical states of the newly-exposed surfaces do not instantly fall into neutrality; and, secondly, that the surface to which the theory imputes, during the induction, a positive polarity is really negative, and its fellow which ought to have been negative is, in truth, positive. These are facts—not inferences; and they are fatal to the theory. Some of the readers of the *Athenæum*, who may not have ready access to extensive electrical apparatus, may yet be desirous of verifying these decisive results by their own observation. For their convenience I will describe a means which I have devised for doing so with only such helps as are always easily attainable, and with which I have myself operated with uniform success. Two discs of sulphur, 2½ inches in diameter, and about half an inch thick, were cast within a ring placed on polished plate-glass; and, when cold, each was furnished with a handle of varnished glass. The discs, having been carefully freed from all traces of electrical charge, by repeatedly presenting every part of their surfaces within a short distance of the flame of a candle, were put together with their polished faces in contact, and then laid upon the upper ends of three needles of glass, five eighths of an inch long, cemented at their lower parts to the upper surface of the cover of an electrophorus. The shellac plate of the electrophorus was excited in the ordinary way, removed from its sole, and placed with its excited surface upwards on a glass tumbler (to prevent the inductive interference of the table); its cover bearing the dissected sulphur plate was then put upon it. After remaining a few moments exposed to the inductive action of the negative electrophorus, the upper disc of the sulphur plate was first removed and then the under disc; and, finally, the electrical conditions of their two smooth surfaces ascertained by approaching them alternately to a disc of metal 2½ inches in diameter, borne by the projecting wire of a very delicate gold-leaf electroscope. The apparatus may be easily constructed and used; and with moderate care, the results of the experiments are invariable.

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